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The Week.

BEYOND the failure of Mr. Stevens's bill, nothing important with regard to reconstruction has occurred during the week, and the attention of Congress has been concentrated on the tariff. There have been nineteen new tariffs within the last forty years, and of these we have had eleven within the last five years. Nothing but the extraordinary energy of the people and richness of the soil has prevented these changes from proving ruinous. No other country could possibly have stood them. The tariffs of the last five years have steadily risen until, if the present one passes, we shall have an average of about seventy per cent. on all foreign imports. Now, the extreme protectionists—the prohibitionists—who would destroy all foreign trade, are an exceedingly small and not very influential section of the community. So, also, are the extreme free-traders, who would raise the revenue by internal taxation only, if that were possible. Those who would even raise it in the English way, by duties on a very small number of articles, are few in number. The great body of the people are perfectly willing that the greater portion of the revenue should be raised by customs duties under a moderate tariff, so distributed as clearly to give the native producer an advantage over, or at all events put him on an equality with, the foreign one. But the tariff of 1864 satisfied all these moderate protectionists. Since then the controversy before Congress has not been between free trade and protection, but between an importunate and unscrupulous lobby and the community at large; and the facility with which Congressmen are manipulated by the lobby is, in our minds, one of the signs that the Republican party is forgetting what are the conditions of long retention of power in a free country. No man of ordinary intelligence will venture to say that he believes the tariff which the Senate has been passing will, if enacted, last over a year; that it will not be found intolerable, incomprehensible, onerous, incapable of execution, promotive of fraud and smuggling, and that a desperate and successful attempt will not be made next session to modify it. Its promoters, too, seem to be losing the little sense they ever had, and their organ, the *Tribune*, last week displayed its contempt for the popular intelligence and the spirit of the age by holding up for our admiration and imitation the barbarous legislation of mediæval England.

MR. STEVENS suffered another defeat in the House on Monday in the reference of his scheme of reconstruction to the joint committee on that subject. This was certainly a proper disposition of the bill; yet we trust that the committee will not understand this reference as implying that they are expected to smother the project entirely. The central idea of the bill—reorganization of the Southern States as States by universal suffrage—is the only sound proposition before the country. It is intolerable that the South should drag or be dragged along for years under the present system of no-government prevailing there. It ought to be reorganized upon a constitutional basis, and that immediately.

WE may say that we have information which leads us to believe that while no decisive steps will be taken toward the impeachment of the President during the present session of Congress, it yet is the settled purpose of the majority to impeach him at the opening of the next session, and probably to insist upon his suspension from office during his trial. Mr. Wade, whose name has found a place in almost all the reports of this sort which have been put in circulation, is said to be the senator fixed upon for President of the Senate after the 4th of March, with a view to this contingency, which will undoubtedly require the presence in that position of a man of iron nerve.

THE Colorado bill has been vetoed, as every one expected. Some of the reasons assigned by Mr. Johnson are very strong against the admission of the new State; but nobody supposes that his real reasons are those which he sets forth. Nor will the reasons assigned by Congressional speakers for overriding his veto be those which really actuate them. The real motive on either side is a desire to increase or prevent the increase of the majority in the Senate. We do not think there is sufficient population in Colorado to make its admission desirable; but we do not know that the small States have ever done much harm, though it is easy to conceive of grave mischief to result from the increase of such small constituencies.

SENATOR GRIMES, of Iowa, who makes no pretensions to the name of an orator, made a speech in the Senate the other day which achieved a success not often attained by the professional orators of Congress; it actually seems to have shaken the opinions of some other senators. He showed by conclusive figures that the tariff bill before the Senate was not framed with any attention to the wants of the revenue; and that, by an ingenious and deceptive arrangement of its details, it was made to levy upon many articles of prime necessity duties of 100 to 250 per cent. *ad valorem*, which would never be sanctioned by the country if fairly placed before it. He dissected the little scheme by which the farmers were to be persuaded to assent to an enormous increase in the prices of everything which they consume, in consideration of a duty upon a single article which is raised by farmers; an arrangement which will cost the farmers, as a class, three times as much as they can make out of it. We are glad that a senator representing the original Republicans of 1854, and thoroughly in sympathy with the radical sentiment of the North, has taken so bold a stand on this question, which must be fought out within the lines of the Republican party. The grave rebuke administered to Mr. Grimes by the *Tribune* for the violence of his language is worth reading by everybody as a specimen of the way in which the pot can be outraged by the blackness of the kettle.

THERE are few incidents in diplomatic history more thoroughly disgraceful than Mr. Seward's correspondence with Mr. Motley, published yesterday morning. A cackling, and evidently vulgar busy-body, whom Providence has afflicted with money enough to enable

him to travel in Europe, has thought proper to forward a dish of worthless—no doubt in most cases lying—gossip about the opinions and conversation of American ministers in Europe, and in doing so charges Mr. Motley with using language about his own country and his own Government such as probably rarely is heard except from an English bagman in “the thread and needle line,” and which, if true, could only have been revealed by Mr. Seward’s informant through a gross breach of confidence. This wretched rubbish, which, considering who Mr. Motley is and what his antecedents are, Mr. Seward should hardly have stooped to light his cigar with, he makes the object of a grave and most insulting diplomatic despatch, which we hope, for the credit of the country, his successor will remove from the archives of the department. What makes the thing all the more discreditable is, that this same Mr. Seward published last summer, with great gusto, a piece of indecent abuse of Congress from another United States minister, and appears to have seen no impropriety in it, and his friends are now begging Congress to continue to pay the writer’s salary. We have all along opposed impeachment, but if every official of the Government is to be converted into the creature of Messrs. Johnson and Seward, even the most moderate men will soon be reconciled to any measure, however desperate, which promises to relieve us of the odious burden of their administration.

GENERAL THOMAS is neither a “Radical” nor a “Nigger-worshipper,” and if there are half a dozen Americans in public life whose characters stand better before the country than his, we do not know who they are. He is in command, and has long been in command, of the military district which includes Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. Moreover, he is a man of deliberation. In his examination before the Congressional Committee, which has just been investigating the facts of the well-known South Carolina murders, murders of white soldiers in Anderson and of freedmen who were burnt in the jail at Kingstree, General Thomas testifies that in his district there is no justice and no prospect of justice for the blacks before the courts. “A supervisory military power” is, in his opinion, necessary throughout all the States mentioned above. We have no reports whether or not General Thomas’s opinion in regard to giving the negro the ballot was requested, but have no doubt as to what it would be. He would want a guard of United States troops at every polling-booth on every election day, and it would be a bold man who should say that this measure would not be a necessary one. Meantime, if Republicans like Mr. Greeley, who think universal suffrage a complete panacea for our political ills, find in General Thomas a disbeliever in their doctrine, so also do Republicans like Mr. Bingham, who regard the Constitutional Amendment as a sure cure. Mr. Julian or Mr. Stevens, however, would find themselves quite at home in General Thomas’s company, and it is likely enough that we may yet see a working majority of the Republican party fixing upon Mr. Greeley’s scheme for the future, and General Thomas’s for the interval between now and then.

THE Maryland Democrats are mercilessly using their victory in the late election. A bill has been passed enfranchising the formerly disfranchised rebel soldiers; the city government of Baltimore has been removed and a new election is ordered for Wednesday next; Judge Bond’s jurisdiction is to be very considerably curtailed, and bills to effect this purpose are already passing; the bill which orders the holding of a constitutional convention bears hard on the liberal and loyal counties, and is unblushingly partial to the old slaveholding strongholds—Washington County, for instance, which is Republican in politics, whose population is thirty thousand, and whose taxes amount to \$43,508 89, is allowed six delegates, but Charles, Calvert, Caroline, and St. Mary’s Counties, which, in the aggregate, are inferior to Washington County in wealth, white population, and amount of taxes paid, are to have thirteen delegates. Until these little matters were settled, the Democrats kept the Johnson men hard at work and would pay out nothing. Governor Swann must have suffered agonies for several days. To have performed such services as he did is misery enough, but to have performed them and fail of the reward, would be too severe a punishment to be inflicted on an imaginative and reflective person. At last, however, he was made United States Senator.

MR. H. WILLIS writes us a furious letter “stopping his paper” because we do not agree with him as to the expediency of impeaching Mr. Johnson. He says “he has no *patience*, nor will he take a paper that will defend so infamous a traitor as he is, a perfect low, mean blackguard at best;” and he invites us, if we or Mr. Johnson think Mr. Willis is severe in his denunciations, “to cast the odium on Mr. Johnson’s own miserable, guilty soul, for giving him (Mr. Willis) an opportunity to thus truthfully cast it home”—a job which we respectfully decline. Finally, he cries, “Away with such limber-back, weak-kneed advisers as H. Greeley and THE NATION, and others of like mushroom journalists!” We have considered this argument attentively, and cannot say we are convinced; but Mr. Willis ought to have forwarded his opinions to this office week by week, and then we might possibly have kept in the right track by “writing them up,” as the reporters say.

THE application of the artists for the imposition of a duty on cheap foreign pictures has, as we anticipated, created a great stir amongst the small fry of native novelists, historians, and poets, and they are sending on a powerful lobby to get a duty clapped on foreign literature, not on the paper and binding—the publishers are looking after that—but on the thought. They say that, with proper protection, they are confident they can before long furnish as good histories of any period or country, ancient or modern, and as good fictions, sonnets, epics, madrigals, and even conundrums, as any foreign authors—they care not who they may be—and they ask Congress to stop Tennyson, Swinburne, Mommsen, Merivale, Grote, George Eliot, and Reade, and others, from taking the bread out of their children’s mouths. The free admission of the works of Shakespeare, Virgil and Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Livy and Thucydides, and some other old masters, they say they have no objection to; but, as for the herd of their modern imitators who are now corrupting the taste and morals of the American public, they want to have them rigidly excluded.

IF the managers of the Cooper Union lottery or Soldiers’ Home lottery were honest in every detail of the drawing of numbers, some of their patrons must be excessively stupid good people. The chief manager of the drawing, having been asked by the reporters for the names of the most fortunate ones, made the answer that they could not be furnished to the press, as many holders of tickets “had conscientious scruples about letting their names be known.” It is no wonder that a community which holds a great number of blanks should imagine it smells something like swindling in such an excuse for secrecy as this; but we dare say it was offered in good faith. It hints a truth in regard to these lottery schemes which is well worth considering. The two great enterprises of the kind that have recently been carried through have had for their patrons thousands on thousands of respectable people, who would never have thought of gambling if that most unprofitable and at the same time most fascinating of all vices had not presented itself in a guise of such respectability. Not unlikely, many men who would never have thought of buying a Ben. Wood lottery policy, and would have shrunk with horror from a faro-table, have, by means of these “national” schemes, which have broken down the barriers of traditional hatred of gaming, got a taste of gambling which may eventually prove ruinous. The evil is a growing one, and certainly more stringent legislation is requisite; and as the laws at present practically give to any one State leave to render nugatory the prohibitory laws of any other, we do not know why statutes punishing holders as well as sellers of tickets would not be of some advantage.

“ONE OF THE PASSENGERS” who, on the 17th of January, rode on the half-after four o’clock train from Philadelphia, on the New Jersey Railroad, writes a severe letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* about the barbarous manner in which the several car-loads of human freight were used by the railway officials. The train seems to have got about three miles out of New Brunswick, N. J., when, the road appearing impassable, it was backed to within a mile or so of the hotel. Nothing, says the passenger, prevented the backing of the train to the hotel, instead of keeping it where everybody aboard was compelled to

spend fourteen hours in the cars. The conductor, it is alleged, did not so much as visit the ladies' car to give intimation of what might be expected, and there was an entire failure on the part of any one connected with the road to interest himself in the comfort of the unfortunate persons who had trusted themselves to the tender mercies of one of these corporations, which, by a pleasing fiction, are said to be chartered for the public convenience. We wish there were some hope in steady grumbling. As a remote cause, at any rate, of the legislation of the future, we intend encouraging and disseminating it in all ways possible.

NEW ENGLAND does not raise grain enough to feed its inhabitants. Virginia does. New England has but one hog for every ten New Englanders. Virginia has for each son of the sacred soil one hog and three-fourths of another. The prosperity of New England is dependent upon the extent of the Yankee commerce and manufactures. The extent of the Yankee commerce and manufactures was formerly great, because the South employed the New England shipping and kept the New England mills going. But New England with fanatic cruelty has destroyed slavery, and Virginia and the rest of the South will begin manufacturing for the Southern people. What can be clearer than that the grass will by-and-by spring up in the streets of Lowell; that Boston will soon resemble Tyre, Nineveh, Troy, Tadmor in the Wilderness, Charleston, South Carolina, and other unhappy marts once mighty but now dwelling-places of foxes? The *Richmond Enquirer*, which seems not in the least moved by the mournful truth, is our authority for these facts and deductions.

AN ocean despatch from St. Petersburg asserts that the American portion of the Russo-American telegraph has been completed to Behring's Straits. We sincerely trust the work has received this extension, and that in autumn, as is now predicted, the line will be entirely finished. But it seems a little extraordinary that the present news has not reached us *via* San Francisco before it could make its way to the Amoor, thence to the Baltic, and so round to this city, and it may, therefore, perhaps be viewed as premature.

A CORRESPONDENCE has just taken place between H. R. H. Prince Alfred and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., which is of rather an amusing character; but, as it is held that the interesting sentiments which it conveys "tend to show the feeling of England towards the United States," we suppose not much is to be said about it. Mr. Bennett offers his yacht to the Prince as a gift from one gallant young yachtsman to another, and the Prince, with abundant courtesy, declines so costly a gift. We must say, however, that Mr. Bennett puts it rather strong when he asserts that the reception of himself and friends will always be remembered "with the warmest gratitude in the United States." Perhaps, though, he means after himself and Mr. Jerome and the other gentleman get back to this country. The race with the *Viking*, we hope, is not to be broken off by reason of this little affair.

IN the season of storms our European intelligence by the cable is apt, as this last week, to come to us like the thawed tune from Munchausen's horn. What the restored land telegraph has at length transmitted to us has been symptomatic, rather than positive news. Prussia and the North German Confederation are evidently fast consolidating as Prussia wishes. The Elbe Duchies have been formally annexed, and the German Diet is to have its first meeting on the 24th proximo. The South Germans are said to be coquetting for a military union with the Confederation. Austria is showing her uneasiness by increasing her forces in Galicia and on the borders of Russia and Turkey. Telegrams from Paris and London represent great dissatisfaction in France with the new *idées Napoléoniennes*, reforms though they professed to be, and concessions undoubtedly were. As for Crete, the insurrection is suppressed for the hundredth time, but there are rumors of a triple intervention by the leading powers of the Continent; and it is certain that foreign war-vessels, American included, are removing non-combatants from the desolated island.

THE FREEDMEN.

MR. J. W. ALVORD, the general superintendent of schools for the Bureau, has just made his monthly report for November, in which are some items of interest concerning the number of schools, teachers, and pupils. There are 998 day and 358 Sabbath-schools officially reported, and 140 day and 96 Sabbath-schools not regularly reported. The number of teachers is 1,868, of whom 981 are colored; of pupils who attend only one school, viz., either day or Sabbath, 94,121. 302 schools are sustained wholly by freed people, and 244 in part. 260 school buildings are also owned by them. 10,419 pupils paid \$10,109 30 for tuition during the month, out of \$36,638 10, the total expense of the schools during the month.

Mr. Alvord closes his report with certain suggestions to the Commissioner relative to his department:

1st. He recommends strongly the employment of colored teachers. They can penetrate further than whites, and are tolerated better by the planters themselves. Gen. Armstrong, at Fortress Monroe, says he could secure the employment, with suitable pay, of fifty such teachers in South-Eastern Virginia.

2d. The proposals of the Southern people, which are coming in, to sustain these schools, should be cordially met. "Let the motive be what it will, under the superintendency of the Bureau, any experiment they may choose to make must be productive of good."

He also recommends the encouragement of the appointment of Southern whites as teachers, as tending to disarm prejudice; the establishment of normal schools for the preparation of teachers of either color; and the teaching of adults as well as of the young.

—We said, in comparing Gen. Howard's estimated census of the Southern blacks with that of 1860, that the figure of half a million repressed or destroyed by the war "would undoubtedly be swelled from the statistics of Alabama and Kentucky." An official census has just been concluded in the former State, and it appears that there were 442,445 blacks at the close of 1866, against 438,770 in 1860. As the natural increase in six years would have been at least 10 per cent. (which is the rate we used in our former calculation), we should have had in Alabama at this time 482,847 persons of African descent—a charge upon the rebellion and its consequences of about 40,000 souls, dispersed or lost, but by all odds lost rather. The *Tribune*, it seems to us, has failed to appreciate this fact.

—Very serious troubles, fomented, it is said, by the colored lawyer who failed to get admitted to the Georgia bar, arose lately on the "Delta plantation" of Mrs. Cheves, on one of the Sea Islands on the Carolina coast. The negroes refused to contract with the new lessee, Capt. Barnwell, an ex-Confederate, who summoned the military to make them give place to willing laborers. But the small force sent was utterly inadequate to overawe the disorderly, who even assumed a semi-military attitude. Fortunately, the humanity of the officers deterred them from precipitating bloodshed, and a special visit from Gen. Tillson put the affair in the right way for settlement. Twenty acres of land on St. Helena had been offered the malcontents before his arrival. The occurrence is regrettable enough, but it flows, not unnaturally, from the conflicting orders and policies of the Government with regard to the confiscated property of the Sea Islands.

—The shocking murder of a negro coachman by Dr. Watson, of Lexington, Va., which was undergoing military examination when the President, conspiring with the Supreme Court, put an end to the trial, has received new light from a personal friend of the murderer, who writes to the *Herald* that the doctor refused to accept pecuniary or other equitable satisfaction from the coachman (who was merely obeying orders when the accident occurred), but sought him in the field where he was sowing wheat, and attacked him. The writer (*soi-disant* "Justice") adds:

"Dr. Watson is one of the most respectable gentlemen in the county and one of the most popular. He is a man of kind and amiable manners, and his conduct towards the blacks since their freedom has been more than ordinarily good. He is near-sighted, and the plea advanced in his behalf is that by firing his pistol he intended to frighten Medley, and hit him only by chance. I believe that no one regrets the painful circumstance of Medley's death more than he does."

—The Maryland Legislature has repealed the distinction of the State codes between black and white offenders. This prevents Judge Magruder from selling more negroes into slavery, but it ought not to shield him from the penalty of violating the Civil Rights Act.

Notes.

LITERARY.

AMONG recent American announcements of new books are "Good English, or Popular Errors in Philology," by Edward S. Gould, to be published by W. J. Widdleton. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce a new book by Bayard Taylor, "Colorado, or a Summer Trip," being his letters to the New York *Tribune* last summer; "Natural Theology," Lowell lectures by Prof. P. A. Chadbourne, of Williams College; and a series of Irving's works in 16mo size, called "Railway Classics." Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will soon publish "An Enquiry into the State of Political Parties in the United States," taken from the papers of the late President Martin Van Buren. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to issue the "Diamond Edition" of Dickens's works, each novel to be complete in one small volume. "The Pickwick Papers" is already published, and is quite handsome in appearance. As for the pictures, they seem not so much attempts at a fresh illustration of the text as echoes more or less faint of Cruikshank and Browne.

—Ex-Governor Andrew, Mr. John G. Palfrey, and some fifty others have published a letter to Gen. William Schouler, the late adjutant-general of Massachusetts, requesting him to write a history of the services of that State in the recent rebellion, deeming that his knowledge of the various sources of information and his official labors render him eminently competent for the task. Gen. Schouler replies that it has long been his intention to write such a work, and that he has already begun to make preparations for it. He hopes to be able to complete the work in a reasonable time, and says that as all the official correspondence of the commonwealth has been carefully preserved, he shall be at no loss for material. Gen. Schouler was at one time editor of the Boston *Atlas*.

—At a recent meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College the Committee on the Library recommended that the library should be weeded out and its worthless books disposed of, and that greater facilities should be given the public for its use. They rightly held that the use of a library was to diffuse and not shut up knowledge, and therefore demanded a convenient reading-room and the opening of the library on every day of the year except Sundays and public holidays. The committee also thought that the library should have an annual income of at least \$10,000; and that the first and chief necessity was a new library building. The friends of the college will, therefore, be called on to subscribe for two funds of \$150,000 each, one to defray the expense of a new building and the other to furnish an income for the purchase of books.

—The report of Mr. A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, tells us some interesting facts with regard to the state of the National Library on Dec. 1, 1866. One wing of the new library extension has been completed, measuring ninety-five feet by thirty, and the other wing will soon be finished. The total length of shelving at command in the library is now 26,148 feet, or nearly five miles, affording space for about 210,000 volumes. The whole library is now considered perfectly fire-proof. During the past year the library received 7,251 volumes and about 600 pamphlets; of the books 5,603 volumes were gained by purchase; 645, chiefly official documents, by gift; 167 by exchange, and only 836 by the operation of the copyright law. The library now contains 99,650 volumes, exclusive of the 40,000 volumes, more or less, of the Smithsonian Institute, which are to be incorporated with it as a special deposit. The librarian recommends a more stringent provision in the copyright law, since few owners of copyrights, excepting the leading publishing houses, comply with its provisions by sending a copy of the work to the library without notice.

—During the last year the "Historical Magazine" has come into new hands, and has been enlarged and improved by the present editor, Mr. Henry B. Dawson. It is now a valuable repository of many original papers reprinted for the first time, and of articles and notes relating to disputed points in the history of this country that find no place so proper elsewhere. The December number contains among other things a paper on the political relations of the early Methodist Church during

the American Revolution; a defence of General Sullivan from Mr. Bancroft's strictures, by Mr. Thos. C. Amory, of Boston; some interesting and amusing correspondence relative to the reputation of President Reed, of Pennsylvania, and a reply by Mr. George H. Moore to the criticisms of a Boston paper on his "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts." In the January number, which will appear together with that for February about the middle of February, will be printed the paper on Governor Andros which Mr. Brodhead recently read before the New York Historical Society. The March and April numbers will appear together in March, after which the magazine will be published at the usual times.

—English papers announce the death of Mr. Alexander Smith, a poet who first appeared to the world in a volume of spasmodic poetry called "A Life Drama," in 1853. Later, he published "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." His poetical reputation having faded, he began to write in prose, first essays for various magazines and afterwards "Dreamthorpe," "A Summer in Skye," and a novel of some excellence which was published about a year ago, "Alfred Hagart's Household." He was appointed secretary of the University of Edinburgh in 1854. He died on January 5, at the age of 36, leaving a wife and a large family of children.

—A poetical translation of Ovid's "Fasti" into the heroic metre has just appeared in England, by Mr. John Benson Rose, who, not long ago, published a poetical version of the "Metamorphoses." A calendar is not a particularly interesting subject, and even by Ovid is a little wearisome. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there is no respectable translation of it into English, save the prose version in Bohn's "Classical Library." Mr. Rose's translation is, in many respects, very good, and if more care had been bestowed on correcting and polishing it, it would be hard to equal. One of his great faults is his constant use of the most daring Latinisms, so that in many cases verses are transferred rather than translated. Locks are "concussed," men's steps "titubate," "Bellice Mars" is translated "O Mars bellicé," which we might suppose was for the rhyme's sake, were Mr. Rose careful of it, and did we not have also "Germanicé" and "Ah! Romulé" not at the ends of lines. "Romanæ spatium est urbis et orbis idem." "The orb is 'urbs Romana' and our home," is very awkward. A question can easily be raised, too, as to the suitability of the metre.

—From one of the numbers of the Russian *Book Intelligencer* for 1866 we learn that in 1863 there were published in Russia 1,652 volumes and 1,836 in the next year. St. Petersburg heads the list with 951, and 1,097 volumes in the two years. Moscow comes next with 459 in the first year and 432 in the second; the provincial cities have smaller numbers, and many such as Irkutsk, Astrakhan, and Archangel have only two or three apiece. In 1863 there was published one book at Kiakhta, the furthest trading town on the Chinese frontier. In St. Petersburg are issued 143 periodicals, in Moscow 31, and 158 in the rest of the empire. The majority of the provincial newspapers are mere organs for local intelligence, and entirely devoid of general interest. The periodicals of St. Petersburg and Moscow are very different in character. Beside the newspapers and the Government journals, there are five or six literary monthlies, each large and containing more matter than the "North American Review."

—There has recently been published in the "Hildburghäuser Bibliothek ausländischer Classiker" a translation into German of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" by Prof. Wilhelm Hertzberg. It is in the metre of the original, and of itself affords a valuable commentary on the text. But there are also added a biographical and literary introduction, and numerous notes and comments, which greatly enhance the merit of the work as a contribution to the literature of Chaucer. Prof. Hertzberg has before this been a successful translator, his versions of Ovid and Plautus being well known. In 1853, he published a German translation of Tennyson's poems, and in 1864 one of Scott's "Lord of the Isles."

—The publishers of Müller and Zarncke's "Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache in den Mittelaltren" announce that it is now finished after a labor of twelve years. The preparation of Grimm's Dictionary has received a new impulse, and there is a prospect that the present

generation will see the concluding numbers. Single copies of Grimm's "Sagen," published in 1816, and the earliest notable work of the never-to-be-forgotten brothers, have commanded over twenty thalers. After having been out of print over forty years, the Saga have been re-issued in one volume at two thalers. Koberstein's "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur" is at last completed. Twenty long years have been given to this fourth edition. It is especially full in its history of the literature of the last century. Three-fourths of the entire work treats of the period between 1725 and 1830.

SCIENTIFIC.

IMMIGRATION OF PLANTS.—Whenever a new country is settled, the character and quality of the incoming settlers vary in accordance with a tolerably definite law of progression. The settlement of Rome, of Venice, and of Virginia all illustrate the working of this law; the building up of the towns on the banks of the Mississippi, the peopling of California, and of the metalliferous territories of the Rocky Mountains, are recent instances in point. At first, a generation of horse-thieves and desperadoes of every grade—men who have most emphatically left their own countries for their countries' good—rush in. These men are commonly, but unjustly, reputed worthless, even as first occupants of a wild territory. As pioneers, they are redeemed by their intense vitality; taken in mass, they can endure and live through vicissitudes and hardships such as are supported by no other human beings excepting galley-slaves. These first comers not only drive away or destroy the original native residents, but they bear the brunt of that inevitable warfare with an unfamiliar nature which is so harassing to colonists. Speculators, more or less honest and enterprising, follow quickly upon the horse-thief's steps, and these in turn make room for the commonplace farmer with his traditions of law and habits of morality. Thus the new land soon ceases to be a Vale of Gehenna for the human refuse of the world.

The United States are always cited as a remarkable instance of this admixture of all sorts of elements poured forth from other lands; to the average English essayists on America, this country is still a simple sink wherein are gathered the scum and offscourings of other nations; the American, on the contrary, likes to think of this mass of fragments as in the act of being shaken in the great kaleidoscope of nature, there to assume incessantly new forms of beauty. Meanwhile the naturalist finds in this unwonted commingling of diverse germs and atoms a new field of research, for it is not with human life alone that the new country is freshly stocked. With man come in a multitude of plants and not a few animals. As regards animals, the laws of immigration are obscure, for from the rats and mice in the first meal-bags up to the camels of the plains—from the huge elephant to the flea in the blanket—the imported animals are mostly mere parasites, hangers-on to man wherever he may be. Man purposely carries certain animals to his new home. It is quite possible that, in the course of time, house-sparrows, and even skylarks and red-breasts, may come to us from Europe, but in all cases of the importation of animals the direct, and usually the intentional, intervention of man is apparent. With plants, however, the case is different; their immigration is independent of man's volition. In the Eastern States of this country there have long been firmly established some sixty or seventy species of vile weeds, which have come over to us from Europe. A list of these weeds would include such questionable characters as the ox-eye daisy, the thistle, and the barberry bush. When shall we have the daisy proper and gorse as well? Besides the numerous representatives of pernicious classes of plants, we have a host of honest foreign grasses and clovers, and many imported flowering plants. It has been reported of late that the heather has come over to live among us, patches of it having been found wild in Massachusetts and Newfoundland.

Everywhere along the Atlantic border the indigenous plants of the country are rapidly yielding to the inroads of imported species, in the same way that the red man upon the frontier is disappearing before the advancing white. At the Natural History Society of Boston, Dr. Sprague descants upon the singular fact that the weeds which grow broadcast around the New Englander's door are all of foreign origin; the weeds of native growth being now confined almost exclusively to

unimproved lands. At Philadelphia, on the other hand, Prof. Porter informs the Philosophical Society that foreign plants which were recently esteemed by botanists to be rare have already taken such complete possession of the valley of the Susquehanna that the time may soon come when a large part of the flora of that region will have an essentially foreign character. A specially noteworthy locality is mentioned by Prof. Porter as existing on a reclaimed portion of the bank of the Delaware, below the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and within the city limits, where at least ninety species of perhaps seventy genera of plants have been discovered, belonging for the most part to the flora of the Carolinas, Florida, and other Gulf States as far west as New Mexico, and some of them being Western plants. This colony of plants is divided into two groups, growing upon the two banks of a narrow lagoon, one bank consisting of heaps of refuse dirt from the city, and the other composed of ballast thrown from vessels trading coastwise with the port. Some of these botanical waifs have been found also growing on similar accumulations thrown upon the opposite or New Jersey shore.

The ways and methods of importation by which the foreign plants arrive and the means by which they are disseminated are manifold. Botanists have remarked the growth of strange German weeds around the hovels of newly-arrived German immigrants, and many observers have noticed the introduction of plants from the dust and rubbish obtained in cleaning foreign rags and wool at paper-mills and factories. Railroads, according to Prof. Porter, appear to be one of the most active agents in the process of naturalization.

EDUCATIONAL.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press in Oxford have entered upon a school-book reformation which promises to be of service not only in England but in this country. There, as here, teachers seem to be conscious that the text-books in many branches of knowledge are unworthy of the present progress of literature and science, and especially unworthy of the most approved methods of teaching. There, we presume, as here, far too many books are simply "manufactures" made "to sell," by writers whose chief aim is a large pecuniary return.

The competitive examinations now in vogue in England, and the more recently devised "local examinations" held by the universities for the sake of testing the scholarship of those who wish to be enrolled as "associates in arts," have revealed in the clearest manner the deficiencies of the received manuals. The university authorities seem most impressed with the want of good editions of Greek and Latin classics, school histories, and simple treatises on physical science. Books illustrative of the English language are also needed.

Now, to supply this want several professors and fellows connected with the university propose to write and print practical school-books, each in his own specialty. Books prepared by other persons are also to be included in the series. Four volumes have already appeared—a chemistry for students, by A. W. Williamson, a new edition of Veitch's Greek Verbs, a treatise on heat by Balfour Stewart, of Kew, and a collection of specimens of Early English (A. D. 1250–1400), edited by R. Morris, Esq. There are also in preparation more than fifty other manuals on different topics. It is not to be expected that all these books will be equally good; but the aspect of the enterprise is most promising, and we have no doubt some of the treatises will be the best in the language.

NAPOLÉON'S CÉSAR.*

THE indifference with which the second volume of the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar" has been received is in marked contrast to the expectant curiosity excited by the long-delayed publication of the first. This curiosity was speedily satisfied, and succeeded by—we will not say a feeling of disappointment, for disappointment there was none—but by a comfortable sense of satisfaction in not being disappointed, and of acquiescence at the conviction that the Emperor had very little to tell us on this subject,

* "Histoire de Jules César. Par S. M. I. Napoléon III." Tome Deuxième. New York: D. Appleton et Cie, Libraires-Éditeurs, 443 et 445 Broadway. MDCCCLXVI. 12mo, pp. 552. "History of Julius Cæsar." Vol. II. Harper Bros. 1866.

and it was well to know it. Naturally enough, therefore, the second volume was neither watched for nor, when it arrived, did it awake any general interest. The handsome but somewhat clumsy volume stands, no doubt, with uncut leaves on many a shelf, where it seemed a duty to place it in order to match the first.

And yet this second volume is by no means valueless or unimportant. The first and largest part of it, indeed (Book III.), has very little worth for us. It is for the most part a mere paraphrase of the "Commentaries on the Gallic War"—and a poor one at that—preceded by a tolerably good view of the condition of Gaul at the time of Cæsar's invasion—nothing to compare with what we have already in English, in Merivale, for instance—and accompanied by some minute and certainly very valuable notes on the topography of ancient Gaul, and especially of Cæsar's campaigns. These results of the extensive explorations and investigations which the Emperor has carried on are unquestionably the most considerable contribution which he makes to positive historical knowledge. It is worth while—and to a Frenchman very interesting—to have it decided whether Bièvres, Bruyères, Neufchâtel, Beaurieux, or Vieux-Laon is the modern representative of Bibrax; but to the reading public, and to scholars, too, in general, it is enough if we have it rightly placed on Kiepert's next map.

The text of this portion of the volume is incredibly meagre. It is, of course, a disadvantage to a modern historian, when treating of certain periods of antiquity, that he can hardly make anything but a paraphrase of or a commentary on some particular author. To do this with success calls for high qualities in an historian. Certain chapters of Grote, for instance, are hardly more than free translations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, with a running commentary; but as commentaries they leave little to be desired, and are among the most valuable portions of his work. So, for the Gallic war, Napoleon had no choice but follow Cæsar; it is his own weakness that he follows him only blindly, almost without comment, criticism, or illustration. The motives, the internal history, the bearings of events, are all passed over; this is not a history: it is little more than an abridgment.

The second part of the volume, Book IV., is better. It contains a general history of events during the ten years of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns—beginning with his first departure for his province, and ending with the crossing of the Rubicon. It is indeed a continuation of Book II., in the first volume, which contains a similar account of the few years preceding the Gallic war, and in the same general style. These two books are much the best and most genuinely historical portions of the work, for the first Book contains only a rather poor summary of the earlier history of the city; and yet these cannot lay claim to any high historical merit. One is naturally led to compare these chapters with the two most conspicuous works—English and German—which have recently gone over the same ground, the histories of Mommsen and Merivale. We find in the French author, as we might perhaps expect, neither Mommsen's profundity, wealth of learning, and earnest eloquence, nor Merivale's easy and masterly development of political movements and situations; but neither do we find, what the eminence of the French in the department of historical literature might lead us to expect, a brilliant, graphic history. It is dull. It has indeed the French merit of *systeme*, and that is its one saving quality. It is perhaps the best accessible outline of the events of this disturbed period, fully and succinctly stated, and arranged by years. We shall not find in these pages, as in those of the other books we have mentioned, any new views, any subtle analysis of action or character, any powerful presentations of historical truths; but we shall find it easier to trace out the succession of events, and learn precisely what happened in each year, in this volume than in either of the others. Its merit is that of a chronicle.

Besides these chapters, which are the most valuable in the volume, we have some appendices containing important material, and prepared with great labor. They will be of great aid to the student in unravelling the complications of those disturbed years. Appendix A contains a harmony of the Roman dates of about twenty years (B. C. 64 to 44) with those of the Julian calendar. It is well known that the Romans before Cæsar attempted to correct the errors of their reckoning by an intercalation, once in two years, of alternately twenty-two and twenty-three days. Even with this clumsy contrivance, the dates fell so much behindhand that it was necessary for Cæsar, in reforming the calendar, to insert two intercalary months (*Prior* and *Posterior*) of sixty-seven days in all. Of course, with all this irregularity a Roman date gives only an approximation to the real time of the year—with a calendar at least sixty-seven days out of the way, and with so huge an intercalation in alternate years. This table will be, therefore, of the greatest practical service. That the dates should be absolutely exact is neither necessary nor to be expected. Mommsen, for instance, in his

"Römische Chronologie," has made it at least probable that the intercalation took place not always after the Feast of Terminalia (Feb. 23), but every other time after the Feast of Regifugium (Feb. 24); the result of which would be that the intercalary months were always of equal length, 27 days; while these tables follow the commonly received opinion that it took place always after the Feast of Terminalia, by which the month of February would on the years of intercalation always be of equal length, 23 days.

Appendix B is shorter, but perhaps equally useful, containing a harmony of the hours of the Roman day and the modern reckoning for every day of the year B. C. 55, which, of course, will not be far out of the way for any year.

A reference on p. 340 (and one or two others scattered here and there) to Mommsen's "Römische Geschichte" led us, on taking up the book, to suppose that we might find here some of the results of this eminent scholar's researches, worked into a more readable form than he has himself given them. But we see no signs of this great work having been studied and digested—a task too formidable, perhaps, to demand of an emperor, and a French emperor at that; and we very much suspect the references to be thrown in for the look of the thing—the more so, as the one already mentioned is incorrectly given. The Senate, he tells us, professing to quote Mommsen, "qui gouvernait le monde, était impuissante à gouverner la ville." Now, it is not of the Senate that the "célèbre historien allemand" makes this remark; but of the "coalition" (that is, the so-called first triumvirate) in the absence of Cæsar. But apart from accidental slips like this, it seems as if the author were incompetent to appreciate and reproduce the spirit of Mommsen's work, or to draw from it any considerable inspiration for his own. Both these authors, as well as Merivale, study the career of Cæsar from the same point of view: that the monarchy came too late rather than too early; and that it was the peculiar good fortune of Rome which gave her a man of Cæsar's stamp for the founder of the empire. This identity of principle provokes still further comparison, in which the Emperor gains nothing. His treatment of the subject, in comparison with theirs, is cheap and superficial, neither calculated to impress nor to convince. The "Propos de Labienus" destroyed whatever influence his reasonings might have had by their own weight. But, leaving personal considerations of this nature aside, the unbiased reader would find in these labored details of the corruption and violence that reigned at Rome no such vivid picture of the degeneracy of the times as is presented by the calm narration of impartial historians.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

"HARPER'S" for February is a very characteristic number, except that there is less than the usual amount of poor poetry. But it contains plenty of pictures of natural history, of travel, of politics, of jokes stale and fresh, and of those little tales of love without which "Harper's" would not be "Harper's," the whole medley being readable by the average citizen and his wife, and not absolutely unreadable by anybody. The opening paper, by Major G. W. Nichols, is illustrated, and is itself a picture of the wild life of frontiersmen, a race once commoner than now, which will follow the Indian westward, and, like the Indian, is soon to pass away. It will pass away the sooner now that slavery has perished—that social system under which, as Mr. Olmsted well remarks, all life was more or less of the frontier sort. Next after "Wild Bill" come two articles also profusely illustrated, and both of a kind that has pleased the readers of the magazine for many years. One is ichthyological, and the other is a traveller's sketch of men and manners in Calcutta, the City of Palaces. For love stories we have the second part of "Old Aunt Matilda," who in the first part had a soul-lacerating misunderstanding with Nathan Armstrong, who wedded a city bride, and now this month returns to his former love to "kiss again with tears." Also, we have "My Lost Alice": "I know not why I should be so sad when I think of Alice Glendenning. It is truly no cause for sadness when one has fought a battle and gained the victory—when one has earned rest—when one has entered into life. Dare I affirm that I believe in the infinite joy of heaven and yet sit stranded on the shore of time weeping with vain human longing," and so on, all in the mournfullest manner, which it was her young man was the cause. "Old Mrs. Hunter" has in it love and the triumph of self-sacrifice. "Two Ropes" is hardly a love story; but, in its own way, it is very amusing. Mr. Carlyle, if it may be whispered, was once in the habit not only of bearing testimony against what he calls "Governess English" by precept and by his written example, but also by occasional bursts of oral English which might well make a duly proper governess stare and gasp. One can fancy his forcible expressions should the broken Carlylese of the end of "Two Ropes" ever meet his eye. It might have been written by a late London correspondent of the *Tribune*:

"No cock-fighting to-day for Fernando—add no inclination therefor—as you may well suppose. For a no-way-to-be-distinguished corpse, decently veiled by a heavy blanket, and a sister in so frantic case as the resuscitated Anita, did suffice to indispose for everyday disportings."

"Struggles for Life," a very pleasant talk about the animal life of our fields and woods, we take to be the work of Mr. John Burroughs. Now that Thoreau is dead, we know of no American who seemingly lives in closer intimacy with bird and beast than this agreeable writer. In this article he sets out with the assertion that "animals do not die what is termed a natural death." "Nature red in tooth and claw" might have been his text. Among the other articles, the more noticeable are a good review of Mr. Stillé's work on the Sanitary Commission, and one entitled "New York to Washington," which, we think, will be found to be one of a series which will systematically grumble at the treatment of travellers in this country. *Harper's Weekly*, we see, lays it down for true that constant grumbling at directors is our duty and our only resource. Our heartfelt good wishes are with the agitators. One element of success the new sect has in boundless profusion—the blood of the martyrs. The "Easy Chair," which is good-natured as usual in its talk on other topics, is very severe upon the railway depot in New Haven, the public halls there, and the halls and lecture-rooms in almost every other town in the Union.

The "Catholic World" this month is worth its price; it contains the sermon preached by John Henry Newman, on the 7th of October, 1866, the feast of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which is a day of prayer for the Pope. "The Pope and the Revolution" the discourse is entitled, and it contains the Roman—we had better say the Roman Catholic—view of the Italian question. Dr. Newman compares the Roman people to the Israelites, who sinned in asking Samuel for a monarchy, and attributes their disgust with the Papal government to the instigation of the devil. It is the weakest argument from this author's pen that we have ever seen, but is full of interest, both because it is his and because it is so characteristically Romanist. In several of the late numbers of the "Catholic World" we have read with pleasure some religious poetry considerably above the usual magazine level. Specimens of it, to be found in the February number, are the verses "On the Request of Herodias's Daughter" and "Pardon." In a footnote to another article, the editor states that he has received a letter from a member of the Guérin family, asking if it would be possible to interest devout souls in America in the reconstruction of the little church of Andillac, the parish church of Eugénie de Guérin.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" the article which will attract most notice is the one signed "Joseph Mazzini." It peremptorily raises the republican flag, and bitterly abuses the Italian monarchy, charging Victor Emanuel's government with shameful subservience to the French Emperor, with not being allied to the spirit and tendencies of the age, with debauching the public virtue of Italy, and with being responsible for the reverses of the late war and for the national debt. One would suppose that republics were never wicked or foolish or unfortunate, and that the Italians never needed foreign aid, and, beginning to-morrow, could successfully carry on Mazzini's ideal government. This declaration of war shows all its author's high spirit and constitutional eagerness for reformation. It is formation, however, which Italy seems to need just now, and Mazzini has many years of fervid labor before him before he gets Italians to overthrow the kingdom.

At the end of his seventh chapter the author of "The Guardian Angel" contrives a real surprise for his readers. The story moves not very rapidly, which, in Dr. Holmes's stories, is not a fault; we go with him for what we get by the way. In this part, Byles Gridley, A.M., occupies a good deal of our attention. The old college tutor is a favorite figure with Dr. Holmes. We do not know whether other readers like it or not—and we know that an author is privileged to be a petty providence among his creatures; but to us Dr. Holmes, in enacting that character, seems even dreadfully omniscient. He anatomizes as if he was not only dissecting to get at the real structure, but as if the students on the benches were to admire the skill of the operator and he were admiring it himself.

Mr. Whipple's "Characteristics of the Elizabethan Literature" is unmistakably Mr. Whipple's, and contains with much that is not particularly fresh some very just remarks upon the genius of Christopher Marlowe, which are perhaps not very new either, but which it was very well to make, it being an impression on the minds of some who should be better informed that Marlowe's vices of style were attributable to an effeminacy of his genies instead of being the products of unregulated strength—an impression strengthened, perhaps, by what Lamb calls "the luscious smoothness" of some of his verse.

Two exceedingly pleasant essays are contributed, one by Mr. Higginson, who writes "A Drift-wood Fire," and one by Mr. Howells, whose "Forza Mag-

giore" is marked by the peculiar and delicate humor which is the chief among his numerous merits as a writer. "How Mr. Frye Would Have Preached It" is by Edward Everett Hale, and but for one thing is very good indeed; Mr. Frye never would have preached it so. Strange things are seen in boarding-houses, but no boarder—unless a boarder at the State's expense, as they say in Massachusetts—ever deliberately sat down and made such a confession of crime and meanness to his landlady and "the gentlemen and ladies of the house." Bishop Kip gives us "Recollections of John Vanderlyn, the Artist," a painter but very little known for a man so well worth knowing as he seems to have been. "The Standpoint of the Boarding-house" says "the kernel has its meaning, and so, too, has each of its husks, if you can fairly get at them"—a statement to which we call the attention of transcendentalists; and perhaps it would be the better for a little revision by Mr. G. Washington Moon. Professor Agassiz finds in Maine what seems to him unmistakable evidence that North America was once covered by the vast sheet of ice which figures so prominently in his science of geology. The poetry of the number is by Alice Cary, Aldrich, and Trowbridge, who have each done better than usual, and by an anonymous author, whose "Elizabeth's Chamber" is a poem of unobtrusive beauty. The remaining articles are Mr. Shanly's "Comic Journalism," more of "Katharine Morne," and the first part of "George Bedillion's Knight." If it is true that in the thing seen the seer discovers just what he himself brings; that when we say we have seen thus and thus, we confess what is behind the eye as well as report what is before it; then the "Author of Margret Howth" is not a person to be envied. "George Bedillion's Knight" is to be a powerful and, we fear, a repulsive story—a revelation of the meanness, selfishness, and vanity of some weak natures, the morbid heroism of others. We read such a story, and then turn to the men and women of our acquaintance with the feeling of one awaking from a wretched dream to the wholesome sight of the sun.

In "Hours at Home," Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who, we believe, intends taking up the profession of landscape-gardening or landscape-architecture, treats of the laying out of grounds. Dr. Bushnell begins a series of articles, in the nature of sermons, on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," and first discourses of "Night." Dr. Philip Schaff, who has been writing brief biographies of the early fathers of the church, has a paper on "Saint Chrysostom," and Mr. Paulding draws from his memory some readable recollections of New York when New York extended but a little way from Whitehall Street and the Battery. The article on Damascus is also readable; and altogether the February number of "Hours at Home" is the best that we have yet seen. When, however, we find such verses admitted as those which Mr. J. D. Sherwood seems to have written in his journal of travel, the doubt suggests itself if the goodness of any given number of the magazine is not in great part the effect of chance. This is how Mr. Sherwood's muse was affected by the recent battle at Kissingen:

"Guns flash and roar,
Balls, whizzing, pour
Their deadly hail
O'er hill and vale;
And rockets far
Upbursting jar
The solid ground
With wide rebound."

The "Galaxy," which was always handsome in appearance, has latterly discarded its chocolate and gold, and is now very gay. It maintains the standard of excellence which it set up for itself in the beginning, and wears a prosperous look. A "weird story," as an exchange says, which it is now publishing—"Tristan" is the name of it—seems to us the only very poor thing that it has lately had.

Of the many juvenile magazines "Our Young Folks" seems to us, who are not young folks, still considerably the best. But perhaps this is a matter in which, as in horse-trading, age is not entitled to respect.

ROBERT SEVERNE.*

It is frequently said that of all the learned professions the medical has given most pens to literature. But even if sermons are not literature, and if we refuse to admit polemical works into the list of "books that are books," this saying is probably false. As for legal treatises, we suppose lawyers themselves would make no question about their exclusion, and we believe no man of law has claimed for his brethren a pre-eminent place among the professional men who have distinguished themselves in extra-professional literary labor. But though every man knows that of the works produced by clergymen there is a most enormous mass to which Foster's

* "Robert Severne, his Friends and his Enemies. A Novel." Wm. A. Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

savage description applies in all its fulness—"a vast exhibition of the most subordinate materials that can be called thought in language too grovelling to be called style"—nevertheless so many great names of clerical sermonizers and ethical writers, and religious poets and essayists, and historians and biographers, occur to the memory upon the slightest consideration of the matter, that we have no doubt that the case for the doctors could not be made out.

Even in a region of the domain of literature, that of novel-writing, where one would have supposed the physicians would have much the better of the ministers, the advantage seems to lie with the latter. So far as concerns English novels, the names of Sterne and Swift balance if they do not outweigh the name of Smollett; Goldsmith is hardly so much to be called a doctor as Dr. Johnson a divine; the Rev. Charles Maturin may be set against Dr. Moore and his "Zeluco;" and in our own day Samuel Long, fellow and Charles Kingsley are no bad match for Dr. Holmes and the young surgeon, if he was a surgeon, who wrote that excellent sea-story, "Tom Cringle's Log."

Physicians, however, though literary history rates them, we think, lower than the profession which, at least among modern nations, was in the literary field generations before them, may very likely yet attain the first place as novelists. They are men of more than ordinary intelligence; they are in the daily practice of close observation; they watch the mental and bodily health of men and women; they are better acquainted, at any rate in Protestant countries, and for novel-writing purposes practically better acquainted in all countries, than any other class of men can hope to be, with the comedies and tragedies contained in the histories and secrets of families; they are accustomed to penetrate beneath appearances and to reason; and, as we have said, one would suppose that their success would be great in a branch of literature where a knowledge of character, of the interaction of motives, of the influence of men and women on each other in the social relations of life, and the possession of a fund of incidents, are qualifications so largely contributing to success. Other things being equal, one would expect the novel of a physician to be more readable and better than the novel of a man who had not had a physician's opportunities for studying life. Dr. Holmes, consciously we suppose, and, at any rate, quite successfully, has used the advantages which his profession gave him, and is once again improving them, but besides him we know of no one who has done so. Smollett, who is always mentioned when physicians' contributions to literature are mentioned, seems to have laid off the doctor altogether when he took up the pen, and his profession apparently did no more for him as an author than to take him to sea and make him acquainted with seafaring men and with foreign towns.

Yet of this novel, "Robert Severne," we may say that whatever in it is not written by its author as doctor is not worthy of much attention. Dr. Hammond, once Surgeon-General, and who has the cordial esteem of all honorable men who know him, is very well known as a student of insanity. A little pamphlet recently written by him, entitled "Insanity in its Medico-Legal Relations," and containing his opinion upon the testamentary capacity of a Mr. Johnston, a North Carolinian recently deceased, whose will was contested by the heirs-at-law, shows his familiarity with this dreadful malady, both as it is described in the books of the authorities and as it is revealed in the sufferer himself under treatment. It is not out of place for us to remark in passing that the definition of insanity laid down in that pamphlet has been pronounced more satisfactory than any ever before given, and we are glad to lay it before our readers. According to him, the disease is "a general or partial derangement of one or more faculties of the mind, which, whilst it does not abolish consciousness, prevents freedom of mind or of action."

This exceedingly interesting subject having occupied so much of Dr. Hammond's time and careful attention, it is not surprising that when he came to write a novel—and "Robert Severne" is his first venture, we believe—he should allow insanity to make an important figure in it. The plot turns upon the act of an insane man. Severne, who is rich, a marvel of learning, handsome, not old, and an untiring student, injures his health by six months' unintermitting mental and manual labor upon a philosophical work which he is writing. One morning, going to the Astor Library, he sees walking before him a woman whom, by her dress, her gait, a chain about her neck, and at last by her features, he recognizes as his wife, whom he knew, or thought he knew, to be dead and long buried. He is horrified; for the woman had not only died, but she had given her husband every reason to be very glad that she had died. Thinking on the circumstance, his thoughts become morbid, and although his conduct to the woman while she lived had been forbearing to a degree almost faulty and disgraceful, he begins to accuse himself of having driven her to her death. She was a suicide.

Plunging into his studies for relief from his thoughts, he can read nothing in the printed pages but accusations and curses; he begins to fear that he is insane, and he is sure that he is ill, so he attempts to write a note to his physician requesting him to call. Having written it, he reads it over before sending it away, and discovers that unconsciously he has written as follows:

"June 28th.

"MY DEAR LAWRENCE: It is said that an honest confession is good for the soul. I hope my soul will be benefited when I acknowledge to you that I admit myself to be guilty of my wife's death. I am her murderer. I no longer wish to make a secret of it. I am now suffering the torments of the damned.

Yours, in utter despair,

"ROBERT SEVERNE."

Perceiving what he had done, he had the sense to know that he was a victim to incipient insanity, and ceasing from work he went to bed. Up to this time he had believed the woman whom he had seen was from the other world; but, on the morning after his confession was written, he was astounded by receiving a call from her, and by hearing her assert that she was still living. He took measures to settle upon her a great part of his estate if she would leave him alone, but she refused, and continued to come to his house, whereupon he called the attention of his servants to her, and directed them not to admit the lady again.

This is the story which Severne tells Dr. Lawrence, when that gentleman, who is fully cognizant of all the facts attendant on Mrs. Severne's death, pays his friend a visit. The doctor is talking when the lady in question knocks at the door. The servants are positive that it is the same person whose coming has on one or two occasions seemed to agitate their master. When she enters the room she is seen to be a Mrs. Wiggins, whom Mr. Severne had employed. The medical man advises foreign travel, and Severne sets out on a trip round the world. While he is gone, his legal agent Freeling, who hates him and has determined to ruin him, finds and steals, and is seen stealing, the insane confession, and when Severne arrives in England, Freeling is there, and a warrant is out for the murderer's arrest. He gives himself up to the officers of justice, is tried and triumphantly acquitted, while Freeling goes to jail.

"Robert Severne, his Friends and his Enemies," the book is called. Freeling seems to have been his only enemy after the death of his wife. For friends, he has Sarah Tompkins, one of the most moral and sweet-natured and simple-minded prostitutes and female pickpockets that can be found anywhere out of French fiction. She is an unpleasant impossibility. There is no danger, however, that hard-hearted men of the world will adopt and educate any Sarah Tompkinses, being led thereto by Mr. Severne's example; neither they nor any one else will ever find such a creature any more than they will find such people as the burglars with whom Sarah consorts, or the preacher to whose flock Mrs. Wiggins belongs, or Mrs. Wiggins herself, or the widow that Mr. Joshua Joshua was going to marry, or Mr. Joshua Joshua, or the Baron Ulric de Hutten. Grace, and Mrs. Langley, two other of the friends, may be found in almost any of Mr. T. S. Arthur's stories. John Holmes is also a friend of the hero's, and very wise in bibliography; the same may be said of Miles Standish Goodall; and Miss Margaret Leslie, granddaughter of John Holmes, becomes Mrs. Severne. These, we believe, are nearly all the friends and enemies, and the character of none of them is well drawn. Skilful delineation of character, probable incidents, valuable thought which reconciles us to many novels devoid of plot and not strong in respect of characters, natural dialogue, wit, humor—these we are bound to say we can hardly find in this book. But there is in it something interesting about insanity; the plot, if carefully worked up in its details, would be a good one; there is something in it—albeit lugged into it by the head and shoulders—about the black art, the mighty magic of the pentagram, and a tale which hangs thereby about Ulric de Hutten's vengeance, and there is something in it about John Holmes's search for the philosopher's stone, or, to speak more exactly, his endeavor to discover the elements which compose gold, and his barren success in the attempt. Whoever cares for a smattering of such lore—and there are readers to whom the names of Raymond Lully and Cornelius Agrippa are as comfortable and edifying as the pious old lady found the Scripture word Mesopotamia—will find a little of it here. The book is so evidently a first book, and written sketchily and in haste, that in spite of its shortcomings we are inclined to invite the author to write again. It is plain to be seen that he is an able man, and we suppose that, in order to produce a novel which shall be really very good, he has only to remember that literature is no more a pastime than medicine is, but a most laborious occupation.

Observations on the Genus Unio; together with Descriptions of New Species in the Family Unionidae, and Descriptions of New Species of other families of Mollusks. By Isaac Lea, LL.D. Vol. XI., with 24 plates, pp. 143,

4to. Printed for the Author. (Philadelphia. 1866.)—In his earlier years, and in the intervals of the demands of an active business life, Mr. Lea always found time to devote himself to the study of natural history; and the eleventh volume of his "Observations on the Genus *Unio*," now just published, shows that, with his time more at his disposal, his zeal remains unabated. This volume contains the descriptions of sixty-two new species, which, added to those previously described, give to the "*unionide*" seven hundred and thirty-six species, making a seriously long list for a student to look at. The present volume contains purely scientific descriptions, well illustrated with plates, and here and there some general observations. It possesses unusual interest from the fact that it contains descriptions of species from the most widely separated localities; Texas, Lake Winnepik, Assyria, Siam, India, and the great African water, Lake N'yassa, are all represented.

As we look over Mr. Lea's descriptions, we cannot help feeling some forebodings. There was a time when naturalists felt justified in establishing a species of shell, insect, or other organic form, on the examination of a single specimen. Comparative anatomists have gone further than this, and have been satisfied with a fragment of a bone. But now, after so much has been revealed by the comparison of large numbers of the same species of different ages and sexes, and, after so wide a range of variation in species has been made manifest, we cannot see how any careful naturalist will again be satisfied with a single specimen of anything. Mr. Agassiz, by his extended comparisons of fishes, has shown that different genera, and even different natural families, have been made from the males and females of the same species in cases where the individuals of the two sexes were very unlike. From want of care the genera *Mollinesia* and *Pocilia* were made of the males and females of one species of the last mentioned genus of fish, and in the study of fossil osteology the multiplication of species from fragments of bone of the same species is but too well known. Mr. Lea, as will be seen by any one who turns over his pages, has often compared numbers of individuals of the same species of different ages and sexes; he has even paid some attention to the embryos, and, so far, has conformed to the actual demands of science. But in too many cases only single individuals are described, and rarely does the animal itself appear in his descriptions. This circumstance, added to the inherent difficulty growing out of the constant running together of the forms of the shells of the *unionide* when arranged in series, will render the permanency of those species, established on limited data, in the highest degree problematical. If it be answered that only one specimen existed, and the best was done that could be done under the circumstances, we can only reply that, under such circumstances, it is the duty of the naturalist to wait. Whatever may be in store for the future, almost each day's progress in zoology shows that the time has not yet come when a single fragment of bone, a tooth, a shell, or even a whole animal, can be said to afford a suitable foundation on which to establish a species. That a species sometimes can be established on such data is not to be denied; but the chance of failure is far greater than that of success. As one looks back upon the immense number of species formed on insufficient data with which the literature of natural history teems, the amount of work to be done over again seems disheartening.

The Campaign of Mobile; Including the Co-operative Operations of General Wilson's Cavalry in Alabama. By Brev. Maj.-Gen. C. C. Andrews. Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. (New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1867.)—Brevet Major-General C. C. Andrews's "History of the Campaign of Mobile" is a handsome book, but as for its contents it is just what the shield of Achilles was not, for its material is far better than its workmanship. The author has collected a large quantity of apparently trustworthy information, from both Federal and Confederate sources. He has taken infinite pains to use it faithfully, and the result is a careful, impartial, circumstantial, and dull book. There is hardly a line of good description in it from beginning to end, not a single striking sentence or phrase, not an instance of a military proposition well laid down and ably illustrated. His usual method of description is to take a front of operations, and then, beginning at the left or right, as the case may be, to tell us what each company or each regiment did and suffered on a certain day, and so work through the line from one end to the other, and then repeat this process for as many days as the troops whose movements he describes were in front of the enemy. The result is what might be expected. There is almost a total want of *ensemble* in his description, and the attention is fatigued with the unceasing recurrence of statements that Private Brown was killed and Corporal Thompson wounded. The general writes with all the detail and none of the spirit of Kinglake. His book will be welcome to the rank and file of the army that operated against Mobile, for hardly a man who was killed or wounded there is without mention in it, but for the general reader it is almost absolutely worthless. He writes much more as if he had been a private than as if he had been a division commander, as he was. His descriptions are those of a man who heard the incidents of each day described by the men as they collected around the camp-fires at night; of what passed at division, corps, and department headquarters he seems to be altogether ignorant, and of the strategy of the campaign he knew very little.

He probably little thought how completely he confessed that he was no soldier when he wrote that some of our artillery was "only four hundred and fifty yards from Fort McDermott—so near, indeed, that the men could hear the music of a brass band inside that fort" (p. 78).

It is to be said to his credit that he has written in good taste and with the utmost modesty, and that he has increased the value and interest of his book by inserting in it several excellent maps and some good anecdotes. A good deal of interest also attaches to his descriptions of adventures on the skirmish line, and of the movements of assaulting parties, though this is owing more to the abundance of detail than to any dramatic quality in the author. His book will furnish many good bricks for the true builder; but

it is of little worth except as a collection of material. His competency as a military critic and historian may be judged from a single sentence, which is found in the first paragraph of his description of the operations of Wilson's cavalry in Alabama, p. 241: "The operations of that column included results beyond those of a co-operative character, and they have hardly ever been surpassed even by the achievements of Alexander."

King René's Daughter. A Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867. 16mo, pp. xii., 100.)—There are, perhaps, a few cultivated Americans who have read some of the works of Henrik Hertz in the original Danish, but most of those who are at all acquainted with this author have got their knowledge from the German translation of this poem, or from seeing it acted on the stage, as it was some fifteen years ago, Mrs. Mowatt, we believe, taking the part of Iolanthe. "*King René's Daughter*" is a poem of such beauty that we are glad to see it made the first of a series of poetical translations projected by its publishers. It will greatly conciliate the favor of the public. Henrik Hertz is, with the exception of Hans Andersen, the most celebrated author of late years in Denmark. He was born in 1798, of Jewish parents, and, after studying law, turned himself to literature. His first published work was a comedy, written in 1826. After that followed, in rapid succession, comedies, tragedies, novels, and poems. In 1845 appeared the work of which the present is a translation, which at once met with great success. It has been translated four times into German, and four times into English, and also into various other languages, and has been acted in all the leading theatres of Europe. It is a drama on an event in the life of René, King of Provence, in the fifteenth century, celebrated as a troubadour. Yolande, his daughter, married Tristan, Count of Vaudemont, to settle a dispute about the succession to Lorraine between the two families. In the play Yolande, or Iolanthe, as she is called, is blind, and the plot turns on her being awakened by Tristan and informed of her blindness—of which, till then, she had been brought up ignorant—on the very day when such a proceeding was necessary to her recovery of her sight by the arts of a Moorish physician. The poem is full of the most delicate touches, which have been felicitously rendered into English by Mr. Martin, who has become since well known as the translator of Horace and Catullus. The impression which the beauty of the poem made on us when we first read it has not been effaced by the dozen years that have elapsed since then, and we have thus read this translation with a double pleasure. The passage in the fourth scene, in which Iolanthe first learns her blindness and is unable to comprehend what it is of which she is deprived, is exceedingly lovely; and again of equal beauty are the few lines in the fifth scene, in which she asks explanation of what Tristan told her:

"What is it, then, to see?
Can I, O father, see his voice, which touch'd
My soul with joy and sadness? Can I see
With these my eyes the nightingale's thick note,
Whereon I've mused so oft, and vainly striven
To follow it in thought, away, away?
Or is her song a flower, whose fragrant breath
I know, but not its root, and stem, and leaves?"

"*King René's Daughter*" is to be read, and not to be criticised. In the sense of delightful enjoyment its perusal gives, a critical testing of it is impossible. We hope its success will cause the speedy publication of the "*Frithiof's Saga*," by Tegner, and of the other books promised in the series, especially Pushkin's "*Boris Godunoff*."

A New Chemical Nomenclature. By S. D. Tillman, Professor of Technology in the American Institute of the City of New York. Pamphlet, pp. 23. (Albany. 1866.)—Like the interminable boxes within boxes of Chinese art, the system of nomenclature here presented is a marvel of ingenious compaction and painstaking elaboration. It is of value in so far as it illustrates what may be done with mnemonical systems, and what may reasonably be expected from such systems when applied to the exposition of chemical knowledge. The subject of mnemonics appears, in truth, never to have received from chemists a fair share of the attention which it deserves; patchwork names of interminable length are still coined daily as designations of the most inoffensive substances, and the tendency is ever towards an increase of jaw-breaking names. Ridiculous, however, as many of these compound names may seem to be in Mr. Tillman's eyes, the great fact remains that most of them have come into common use, have gained possession of the ground, and really represent, more or less fully and clearly, the habit of thought now prevalent in the science to which they appertain. A radical change of the existing system, or want of system, of nomenclature, can probably be effected only slowly and gradually, and by very general agreement among the devotees of the science. Mr. Tillman must not, therefore, take it too much to heart if he finds that the majority of the chemists of to-day esteem his essay as something possessing about the same intrinsic value as the Oriental toy with which we have compared it.

Our Boys and Girls. Oliver Optic's Magazine. January 5, 1867. Vol. I., No. 1. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—The ingeniousness of the several pretexts for establishing the various children's magazines which have blossomed with the New Year is very enjoyable, and children as well as adults may be permitted their *embarras du choix*. "Oliver Optic" says our boys and girls ought not to be kept a whole month in suspense over continued stories, so he publishes a weekly for them. And this is the chief difference between his magazine and "*The Little Corporal*," or "*The Riverside Magazine*," or "*Our Young Folks*." The reason is as good as another. There are two continued stories, one by the editor and one by "Sophie May," a short poem by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; some short antiquarian notes by Mr. William A. Wheeler; a humorous dialogue; a speech prepared for declamation; the usual collection of enigmas, rebuses, etc. The title-page bears a tasteful vignette, in which a young gentleman and a young lady are mixing baseball with croquet in a merry manner.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

CONGRESS AND THE BAR.

WE should be sorry to see Congress admit the doctrine which the Supreme Court has propounded, that the legislature of the United States has no right to say what qualifications shall be necessary to enable a man to practise in the national courts. As long as the Senate does decide, and Congress may decide, what manner of men shall be judges in these courts, there is something unreasonable in declaring that it has no power to say what manner of men shall be professional pleaders before them. If it were once admitted that the Supreme Court had exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of determining the fitness of the lawyers who practise before it, it would be in the power of that body to convert the Federal bar into a close corporation, and give to a few men a most odious and dangerous monopoly of a very lucrative and important business, and the people would be without any means of redress. It is quite true that the possibility that a power will be abused is not by any means a conclusive argument against its existence; but as long as its existence is disputed on other grounds, it is a very strong reason for steadily refusing to concede it.

While claiming for Congress, however, the right to fix the qualifications for admission to the Federal bar, and while heartily approving of Mr. Boutwell's bill so far as it is merely declaratory, we cannot help saying that we think it is a great mistake to attempt, as Mr. Boutwell is attempting, to exclude men from practice in the Federal courts because they may have aided or abetted in the rebellion. Every argument which has been used in support of this measure is based on a mistaken conception of the relations of an advocate to the public and of the whole theory of his duties and rights. Whatever may have been or may now be the position of the bar in other countries, it is not true that admission to it in this country can or ought to be considered as in any sense a "privilege" which the Government has in its power to bestow or withhold. The bar in England, as well as in France, has come down from the Middle Ages as a close guild or corporation, like every other trade or calling, and in the former country admission to it has always been and still is saddled with restrictions, for the avowed purpose of reserving the profession for men in a certain social position. But the bar in America has no such traditions or antecedents. The profession of an advocate here rests on the natural and inalienable right of every man who seeks justice in a court of law to be heard in his own behalf; and from this, if by reason of ignorance or infirmity he cannot speak for himself, his right to be heard through the medium of some one better able to state his case, and chosen by himself, is an inevitable deduction. This right cannot be impaired or destroyed by any guilt or depravity, or the commission of any crime; in fact, the more heinous the crime of which a man is accused, and the more terrible the punishment which awaits him if found guilty, the stronger and more sacred does the right become.

Persons accused of treason and felony were, down to a very recent period, refused the assistance of counsel in England, on the ground that it was an indulgence to which they were not entitled, and by which the dignity of the king's courts would be impaired, and that the judge would take care of their interests; and one of the finest pieces of wit, sarcasm, and logic ever produced by Sydney Smith's pen was devoted to the demolition of this barbarous and inhuman fallacy. But neither the theory nor the practice has ever made its way across the Atlantic. It has never been denied here that a prisoner's or suitor's right to avail himself of the services of a clever brain and readier tongue than his own is part and parcel of his right to be heard in his own defence. When the state steps in to prescribe rules for admission to the bar, or to determine the qualifications of those who shall exercise the calling of an advocate, it does so not by way of granting a franchise, but for the purpose of protecting suitors and prisoners from being wronged or defrauded. The object of its interference is to guarantee to the public that attorneys and counsellors have a fair knowl-

edge of the law and are of good moral character, and that cases may be entrusted to them without risk of miscarriage either through gross ignorance or dishonesty, and other qualifications than these we deny the right of the Government to insist upon. These restrictions may be imposed, because they are for the interest of the citizen; but other restrictions may not be, because they are not necessary to the citizen. The fact that a man has committed treason may be good cause for excluding him from the bar, if he has been convicted of treason in open court; but treason is not a crime which renders a man unfit to perform an advocate's duties faithfully. If so many persons have committed treason that it is impossible or inexpedient to try them for the offence, it is also inexpedient to expel them all from the bar on account of it. To exclude every man from practice in the Federal courts who has aided or abetted in the rebellion, is to exclude nearly every Southern lawyer of character or ability, or, in other words, to leave the whole Southern people without the means either of seeking their rights or defending themselves in courts of justice; and this penalty, we repeat, we have no right to inflict on any community, no matter what offence they have committed, though it were "the unpardonable sin" itself. As long as we keep courts of justice open, we must allow men to appear in them by counsel of their own choice and in whom they have confidence; but if we prescribe a qualification which throughout half the continent not one hundred lawyers can show, we practically deny people the right to appear by counsel.

What the North asks for, and what Congress is bound to provide, is perfect equality before the law for all classes, colors, and conditions, and such protection for life and property at the South as it is in the power of the Government to furnish or secure. For these things we go at all hazards. Whatever is plainly necessary to secure these great ends, the country is willing to do or have done, cost what it may; but bills like this of Mr. Boutwell's, which can serve no purpose but that of alienation and irritation—which, so far from hastening the restoration of order and law, will do much to retard it by shaking the confidence of the Southern people in the national courts, will not, unless we are greatly mistaken, command either the sympathy or support of the people. We must look at these questions from a practical point of view, after all, no matter what our feelings may be. We sympathize with Mr. Boutwell's indignation at seeing Bradley Johnson practising in the Supreme Court, but we cannot reconstruct the Union in principles of holy wrath. As long as there are four millions of traitors at the South, and we have to live under the same political roof with them, or else slaughter them, we must submit to much that tries our patience and wounds our patriotic sensibilities. But pray let us meet this necessity like men. "If, like children, we cry for the moon, like children we must cry on."

THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

WE have been profoundly impressed by some articles recently published in the New York *Tribune*, which eulogize the wisdom of the plan adopted by our British ancestors for the protection of domestic manufactures, and we were especially struck by the *Tribune's* enthusiastic praise of King Edward III. for his judicious care of the woollen manufacture. The writer commenced in this eloquent strain:

"Edward III., King by that grace of God which gives nations rulers with sense and patriotism enough to develop the industry of their realms, summoned a parliament to make laws for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture of England. For five centuries, the system of protection to the wool-growers and wool-manufactures which this wise monarch inaugurated, was continued by succeeding British sovereigns and parliaments without a break. Monument of legislative labor in behalf of national industry, the abstract of the British statutes relating to the growing and manufacturing of wool enumerates *three hundred and eleven laws*, all tending inexorably to one object—the encouragement of cloth-making in England."

Some of these admirable statutes the *Tribune* cites as follows:

"One of those statutes required that all black cloth and mourning material worn at funerals should be made of British wool exclusively. Another of them, thoroughly carried into effect for 130 years, and which was in operation close down to the present century, required that every person buried in England should be buried in a shroud composed of woollen cloth exclusively, and of British cloth. Talk of protection! On the application of the London and Canterbury woollen weavers, the wearing in Great Britain of Indian cotton calicoes was forbidden by law. Afterward, when the

rising cotton manufacture gave cause for apprehension that the great national woollen industry might be interfered with, the use in Great Britain of British printed calicoes was restricted by statute to those of a single color—blue."

No wonder that the editor, a little carried away by pardonable enthusiasm, adds:

"Yes, those British statesmen were great men and greatly in earnest."

The *Tribune*, however, has failed to do entire justice to these earnest statesmen. They not only protected woollen manufactures and wool-growers against the base competition of cotton and the importation of foreign goods, but with impartial hand also protected domestic buyers against the extortion of sellers or the competition of hateful foreigners.

By the statute 11 Edw. III., chap. 1, it was enacted that no wool should be exported from England, thus protecting the wearer of cloth from any increase of price, while, to give corresponding protection to the wool-grower and manufacturer, it was ordained that no foreign cloth should be imported, and that no person, other than one of the royal family, should wear any clothes made abroad. Any person violating this law was to be deprived of his garments; though whether officers were appointed to examine every man's doublet, and determine whether it was native or foreign, does not appear; nor is it clear whether foreign clothes were to be confiscated in the street, or whether the wearer was allowed to go home before being stripped. We trust that when Congress revives this excellent law, it will require these outlandish clothes to be seized wherever found, without delay, lest, going home to divest himself of the "accursed 'things,'" the culprit evade the pursuit of justice.

But it was not alone in respect of wool that this great king and his counsellors cared for the public weal. Finding, as we do now, that provisions were very expensive, they fixed the prices at which all articles of food should be sold. It is true that the result of this legislation was that food disappeared from the public markets, since farmers would not sell at all at the prices fixed; and thus the actual prices paid were much higher than they would have been had no attempt been made to regulate them. But this was surely no fault of the earnest legislators. They bore testimony against high prices, and cleared their consciences.

As an example of these laws—which, though framed with that profound wisdom which characterized our ancestors of five hundred years ago, and of which so little is left now, except in the columns of the *Tribune* and the mind of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, appear, for some mysterious reason, to have failed to produce all the benefits that might justly have been expected from them—we note a statute enacted by this most wise and gracious king to prevent the herring-fishers of Yarmouth from asking exorbitant prices; which for this purpose directed that no herrings should be sold after sundown, and that upon a sale being made, all merchants present should have an equal share of the herrings sold at the price agreed upon by the first purchaser. But such was the perversity of man and the obstinacy of natural laws in refusing to bend to the superior wisdom of Edward the Third, that his majesty was obliged to confess, in his "statute of herring," of the thirty-fifth year of his reign, that the earlier statute had almost ruined the herring trade, since a large part of the catch was taken in the night, and the delay of twelve hours sometimes made the fish unsalable, while the poor fishermen were perplexed and bewildered by the multitude of persons among whom they were compelled to divide every load of fish. Accordingly, the old statute was repealed; but an excellent saving clause was enacted by which merchants were strictly forbidden to outbid one another, it being provided that no one, seeing another making an offer for herrings, should make any higher offer. Such a law is urgently needed at this time, particularly for the protection of buyers at auction sales, where the law should imperatively require every article to be knocked down to the first bidder.

And here we must notice other wise enactments for the protection of buyers. By 4 Edward IV., chap. 4, all purchases of wool, before it was shorn, were prohibited in certain counties (including the larger part of England), while no one was allowed to purchase any wool at all in those counties for one year after it was raised, unless he was an English manufacturer of woollen goods. The statutes against speculative pur-

chases were almost numberless. It was made a penal offence to buy goods on their way to market, or to buy them in market with intent to sell again in the same town. Especially was it a high crime to speculate in articles of food. This, indeed, was an offence at common law, but the punishment was made more severe by statute. Laws were frequently passed to compel innkeepers, bakers, butchers, and grocers to accept prices to be fixed, from time to time, by justices of the peace, who, as everybody knows, are peculiarly qualified for such a duty; being, as *Dogberry* justly said, "the most senseless and fit" men that can be found.

Nothing was better known to our sagacious ancestors than that their substance was devoured by "middle-men." We have shown how they protected themselves against the machinations of speculators in food. But in 1390 the Parliament of Richard II. (successor of the great Edward), seeing that the wool raised in the country was first bought by native merchants and by them resold either to retailers or to foreigners for export, determined to secure to the wool-grower the full benefit of dealing with the latter parties. Accordingly, "for to make higher the price of wools," as these great and earnest statesmen expressed it, they forbade all Englishmen from purchasing wool except for their own private use. This was to compel the foreign merchant to go into the interior and pay the sheep-owner the prices which he had been used to pay the English merchant. What a masterly conception!

The attention of these accomplished legislators was also frequently directed to the evil practices of foreign merchants. It was observed at an early day that foreigners often left the country richer than when they came to it. At first, in order to prevent them from thus impoverishing the realm, the simple and straightforward plan of depriving them of their wealth was frequently adopted. In 1306, Edward I. seized upon them and put them in the Tower until they gave security not to take anything out of the kingdom without the royal permission. But this method having for some reason the effect of discouraging foreigners from bringing money into the country, although no objection had ever been made to their doing so, these harsher measures were finally abandoned, and his majesty contented himself with prohibiting the exportation of coin and bullion; so that in any case merchants should be obliged to take out something besides gold and silver. When this order was relaxed, they were required to give security that they would spend at least half the proceeds of their importations in the purchase of English goods.

Nor was this all. Wisely jealous of the competition of foreigners, the British Parliament at one time forbade any sales to be made to foreign merchants otherwise than for cash down; at another time (1439) forbade them to sell to one another; then required them to sell only at wholesale; and for a while insisted that they should sell out their whole stock in forty days.

Space fails us for the production of more of this wisdom of our ancestors. We must, however, refer to their judicious settlement of the labor question, which has been adopted as a pattern by our Southern brethren since the close of the war. In this matter, too, the wise Edward III. led the way. By the statutes 23 and 25 Edw. III., for the better protection of masters against the encroachments of servants, who, as these statutes recite, were through "malice," "seeing the necessity of masters," unwilling to serve "unless they may receive excessive wages," it was enacted that all agricultural laborers should hire themselves openly, and should be compelled to serve any man who should offer them the wages commonly paid five years before. It was further enacted that none should pay haymakers more than a penny a day, mowers more than five-pence a day, or reapers more than three-pence, "without meat or drink, or other courtesy." No laborer was to leave his winter residence in the summer, if he could get these wages. And as a further wise precaution against the evasion of this statute, the constables were required to make every laborer take an oath twice in each year to observe these rules, and in case of refusal, the recusant was to be put in the stocks three days, and afterward into jail until he submitted. Similar provisions were enacted in relation to carpenters, masons, and mechanics generally, their wages being fixed by the paternal wisdom of his majesty and his counsellors. Those who should escape from one county to another to evade these statutes were to be pursued

by the sheriffs, like fugitive slaves, and imprisoned until they submitted to work for the two or three pence a day allotted to them.

It seems to have been found hard to carry out these benevolent laws; and therefore, in a later statute, it was provided that not only should the laborers be punished for asking more than their legal dole, but that employers should be punished for giving more; and that any one who should say or do anything to encourage workmen against the statute should be "grievously punished by the discretion of the justices." In substance, these laws were continued until a comparatively recent period.

In recommending these statutes for adoption here, we should of course recognize the principles of democratic equality, which we fear were overlooked by the statesmen of five hundred years ago, and which have been also ignored by the Southern legislators. They only provided that every laborer should be compelled to serve any one who wished to hire him at the legal wages. We propose, while adopting this rule, further to compel every employer to hire all the men who offer themselves for his service at the legal rate of wages. Thus will justice be rendered with an even hand to both parties.

We have thus too briefly recapitulated some of the leading measures of these early statesmen, with a view to urging a prompt return to these good old paths. Let the manufacturer be protected by the exclusion of imports, and the purchaser by the prohibition of exports. Let us have no more of the ruinous fluctuations in prices which are now experienced, but let the law require everybody to sell at a certain price and everybody to buy at a certain price. Let all speculators be put down, and every consumer buy directly from the producer. In order to save interest, no loans of money should be allowed; to save commissions, no sales should be made by agents; and, above all, to save the enormous expense of freights, which eat out the life of farmers, no produce should be allowed to be carried more than ten miles from the place where it is raised. If our commerce needs encouragement, let there be a tax levied to employ sailors in navigating empty ships. A bounty to be paid to everybody who grows or manufactures anything should, of course, be paid out of the public treasury. We are about to pay, as a nation, some \$70,000,000 a year to encourage the growth of wool, the whole annual value of our crop of which is \$46,000,000. We rejoice at this "bold and comprehensive" policy, but insist that it should be extended to all branches of industry. Thus shall unbounded prosperity attend us, and our favored land realize all the bright visions of those great and earnest statesmen who framed the laws of England in the golden days of Edward the Third. If the tariff is to be so framed as to afford good protection to such branches of native industry as promise some day to be able to do without protection, do not let us, by any means, advocate this course in a sensible and reasonable manner. Let us have a brigade of abusive writers, mercifully bereft of the reasoning faculty, to roar daily for a return, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a model republic, to the mediæval legislation of a semi-barbarous monarchy.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY.

THE enthusiasm of last summer and the bright hopes entertained for the future of Germany have given place to a feeling of depression. Natural as this reaction may be, its keenness has been augmented by the severity of the Prussian officials, who possess the unenviable reputation of making themselves odious when odium can well be avoided, by involving their best measures in chicanery and petty annoyances, and who, within the last few months, have acted in a manner which fully deserves this reproach.

Notwithstanding this reaction and the vicious course of the Prussian Government, remarkable progress has been made in Germany during this time. The tumult of conflicting views and opinions, of vague ideas and impracticable theories, has been succeeded by a calmer appreciation of historical circumstances and of their results. Even the opponents of the present Prussian policy are animated with a certain national pride, perceiving that Germany is in a fair way to resume her former and proper position among the nations of the world of which she was deprived at the time of the Reformation.

The change in this respect most worthy of note has taken place in

Southern Germany. Among the liberals few remain except the radical Democrats, who have formed an alliance with the Ultramontane Catholic party—or, more properly, who have been used as its tool in the interest of Austria against Prussia—who do not desire the closest union with the North. In Bavaria, the late minister Von der Pfordten has resigned, and his place is now occupied by Prince Hohenlohe, an avowed advocate of an alliance with Prussia. In Baden, a short time ago, the Secretary of State, von Freydrick, delivered a speech to both Houses of the Legislature, in which he proved that a small state could not live, and asserted that it was an anomaly and was dependent upon the favor or indifference of its neighbors, that it has no inherent stability, and that its existence should be terminated as soon as possible, and, in conclusion, he expressed the opinion that the best interests of his state would be subserved by a speedy connection with Prussia. We never before had an example of one of the ministers of a small state declaring its utter incompatibility with its rights and duties as a member of a great nation, and pleading against the encroachment of a petty sovereign. This same minister has been endeavoring, though thus far without success, to have the army placed at the disposal of Prussia. At Stuttgart, in Würtemberg, in November last, a meeting of the old liberals who are opposed to Prussia, under the lead of Welcker and Mittermaier, was convened to advance the project of the establishment of a south-western confederation; but it failed so signally of support that its leaders dare not publish their own resolutions. This faction of the liberal party occupies an inglorious position, somewhat similar to that occupied by the Union party in our own history whose existence was so summarily terminated in the contest of 1860. Even in Würtemberg, the centre of the opposition to Prussian domination, the portion of the liberal party favorable to annexation, or, at least, a closer union, is perceptibly gaining ground. Reinhold Pauli, a professor at Tübingen, a liberal of this class, incurred the displeasure of the Government by writing for the "Preussische Jahrbücher" an article expressing advanced liberal sentiments, and reflecting severely upon the course of his Government, and was deprived of his chair at that university and sent to a small theological seminary at Schöndal. In Hesse-Darmstadt the liberal party of annexation is now, and has hitherto been, opposed to the minister Dalwigk, and he was only sustained in his chamber by a bare majority, obtained by a coalition of the Ultramontanists with the radical Democrats of the school of the "Deutsches Wochenblatt" of Mannheim, who do not, indeed, openly profess a preference for the old state of affairs in Germany, but who do not hesitate to declare a choice for the division of Italy into many states to a united Italy.

In North Germany, the assembling of the new parliament, which has been convoked for the twenty-fourth of February, is anxiously awaited. It does not augur well that no official publication has been made of the plan of the new constitution agreed upon by the Prussian Government, and that the general features now carrying out are the same which were marked out in June of last year, before the victory in the late conflict; but what is already known does not exhibit any design of a liberal policy being pursued by Bismark. However, it is not our intention at present to speculate upon the provisions of this constitution, but we reserve its consideration for a subsequent article after the constitution has been agreed upon.

Those who concluded, from the adoption of the principle of universal suffrage in reference to the elections to the new parliament, that Bismark will pursue a more liberal course, and that that is an indication that he entertains more liberal principles, are grievously disappointed. This principle, liberal in itself, which the Prussian Government took to itself considerable credit in adopting, is one which it has embraced for the promotion of illiberal purposes, and one toward which that Government stands in marked opposition. Its policy, which in relation to internal affairs is conservative, from the nature of the case, in reference to the German question is revolutionary. In all its dealings with the latter it is under the necessity of preserving an apparently liberal policy. Its adoption of universal suffrage is not, as may at first appear to be the case, very unfavorable to the Government. Experience has shown that the great body of the opposition is composed of the educated class, which is capable of being influenced by publications, and that it is probable that the class now to be included among the electors will add to the conservative force. Besides, it is

believed that the new parliament is designed as a mere show, and is necessary as evidence of a popular movement which will not need, in reality, any valuable privileges. In Prussia, the scheme for the erection of the new parliament is regarded with distrust. At Berlin an anecdote is current which represents Bismark as having threatened to destroy the parliament by the parliament. The liberals, not at all deficient in the national sentiment, are unwilling to see their duly constituted legislature rendered powerless, or to concede any of their rights until duly satisfied that it will be for the common good. The result is they regard with more favor the proposition that the old Prussian parliament should receive deputations from the other states, thus constituting a body which should legislate for the whole, and which, having control of the budget, would not be powerless under the encroachment of the Government. Whichever may be the national parliament, it is their desire that it should have all the powers of a central government, and that all the other parliaments and assemblies should merely legislate for municipal purposes. This would approach very nearly our system, and would make the general government more powerful while harmonizing the movements of the different parts. In Prussia the liberals have long been endeavoring to obtain the passage of laws making the civil and military officers responsible for their conduct before the courts. This reform, if effected, would afford a mode of redress for those many grievances which irresponsible officials delight in inflicting upon the people while satisfied of their perfect immunity from punishment. In regarding the struggle there for constitutional liberty, we should hold in mind the fact that Prussia has been a military government for two generations; that it is the aim of the present King and of Bismark to make her a strong military power, which is inconsistent with the demands of the liberal party, and consequently that those demands will be granted with extreme reluctance; and the necessary reforms cannot be obtained in a few months, but must be acquired, piece by piece, at long intervals, until a sound constitutional existence is gained. Viewing the matter in this light, it will be seen that much progress has been made.

The Prussian Government pursues the same short-sighted policy of wanton injury to its subjects in the recently annexed provinces as it now pursues in Prussia, notwithstanding the pretended reconciliation with its subjects. Thus the people of those provinces have cooled in their ardor for incorporation with their powerful neighbor, and many little demonstrations of discontent have taken place. The national sentiment among all, however, is unchangeable. While the Frankfurt money-changers (mark these patriots!) engrave upon their letters a red eagle with the motto "Strong in the right" surrounding it, or in their invitations after the initials "U. A. W. G." (for "an answer is requested") insert "O. P." ("ohne Preussen," without Prussians), or the Hanoverian children at sight of the Prussian eagle exclaim "Cuckoo," in reference to the bird which appropriates its fellow's nest, these are but harmless ebullitions, transitory in their nature, which, the moment a more enlightened path is pursued, will be succeeded by a cordial support of the government which will accept their lead to the realization of the national idea. In Germany there is now but one power, and that power is Prussia; and for any German not to see this argues wilful stubbornness to his best interests. Of the task of Prussia we can say as the First Consul said to the English ambassador who had refused to acknowledge the French Republic: "Acknowledge it or not. It is as the sun, and he is blind who does not see it."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STOPPING ONE'S PAPER.

A WISE phrenologist might, perhaps, say that the chief obstacle to the progress of our race lies just behind its ears rather than in the length of them. It is the average man's bumps of "combateness and destructiveness"—to speak after the manner of Professor Fowler—which are most in the way of his enlightenment. Criticism, without which progress is impossible or extremely slow—for are not two heads better than one?—seems to affect his cerebellum first and his cerebrum only afterwards. Irrationally, he will persist in considering his antagonist his enemy. That "our antagonist is our helper," as Burke saw and said, the ordinary human being can in no way be made to believe; to any such whisperings of modern truth he is what you may call a Deaf Burke; opposition, because it is opposition, rouses in him all the prize-fighter. As the saying goes, knowledge has to be

knocked into him; experience alone teaches him, and she has to teach with a ferule. It is from this intolerance of contradiction that we had the old-time stonings of the prophets—as regards which practice, at least, the ancient Hebrews were by no means a peculiar people; hence have we the noble army of martyrs, for there was never a religious persecution that had not at its root more of this feeling than of the better feeling that each of us is responsible for another's errors in faith; hence, also, the fact that the vocabulary of abuse is almost precisely coextensive with the wealth of gracious language which the painters and the poets have bestowed upon the fraternity of critics; and hence, not to attempt completing the list and compassing the infinite—hence nine in ten of the savage notes which so often so peremptorily direct the editor to "stop my paper."

Suppose a journal prints as its critical opinion of a certain author, that he is not a dramatic poet at all equal to Henry Taylor or Robert Browning, that certainly he is surpassed by William Shakespeare, that as a hymn-writer he must, for reasons given, be held inferior to seven or eight other American hymn-writers; that, in general, reasons being again given, he must be regarded as possessing no remarkable measure of the poetic faculty—then it will be really a wonder if the next mail does not bring one or two indignant letters from several gentlemen who say, in effect, this: "Sir, you have said so-and-so, which is shameful, for I think thus and thus (here almost always a hiatus); therefore, I desire that you stop my paper immediately." The suppressed sentences might, we suppose, be written out in some such words as these: I take a paper to read; but I want to read nothing that I did not believe before. I should be stupid to read and to pay for reading anything that disagrees with the opinions I have already formed, and of the truth of which I am convinced and intend to remain convinced. Besides, I intend to punish you for contradicting my views. Therefore—and so forth and so forth, as above.

As for the anger which is almost sure to breathe from this sort of communication, some enquirers make that more difficult to be accounted for than the existence of the letters themselves. Probably the editor who has to endure it instinctively falls back on the old definition, *ira brevis furor est*—the man is *non compos*. But this method is too comprehensive for philosophical purposes, and appears indeed to be a mistaken one; and although the entertaining of it may be excusable in the editor, it would, at all events, even if it were true, be desirable to find, if possible, some solution less discouraging to the friends of humanity. As the Count Joannes has feelingly said, insanity is a malady, almost always incurable, which is transmissible to the insane man's offspring. If, now, each child of each man who ever stopped his paper is to be considered to be a lunatic, we have, indeed, "a mad world." It indicates and it nourishes a sort of extreme and wicked misanthropy to bring, even indirectly, by definition, so sweeping a charge of insanity, especially when there is another accusation which is truer and answers every purpose. Insanity may be incurable, but every human being who has passed from infancy to man's estate is a standing proof that imbecility, or at any rate most of the innumerable degrees of it, may be remedied by education and patience, though, perhaps, in all cases the cure is but partial, and in many cases the lapse of several centuries is required to effect it. For example, the grandfather or great-grandfather of the last enraged subscriber to THE NATION may very likely have been a very stupid person and helped to mob Abolitionists or Quakers or Mormons or Temperance Lecturers or Missionary Baptists; but his grandson or great-grandson or more remote descendant may be a man such as would put to shame the Stuart Mill of our day by the greatness of his love for freedom of discussion and thought and action. It is at any rate more cheerful, and we think, in view of past experience, more reasonable, to hope so than to set down the unborn innocent as a probable maniac. A crazy man we must give up; but a contemporary fool, as the wisdom of our ancestors teaches, may come to something in his posterity.

The view which we have already suggested is a true one. The people who fight with coolness, dispassionately, without anger, are not nowadays extant. A Berserker fought from the tumult in his blood, from his pride of life, in joy of battle; but he is defunct, and his descendants cannot support the prize-ring. The Irishman at Donnybrook used to do something similar, and all in friendship break bones; but Donnybrook Fair was, and is not. The British tar as he rolled about the stage, and the bold light-weight or heavy-weight as he appears in the ballads, used to stand up to their acquaintances and friends, and had their little breezes and skrimmages, and visited each other's conks, and caught it on the ivories, and went into mourning as to their peepers, and turned on their claret, and in other highly metaphorical and apparently savage ways showed their real loving-kindness and manly affection for one another. French gentlemen, in French novels, fight duels with gayety, and destroy the foes of their house with a nonchalant

courage and impassiveness which the people of other lands may emulate but must not hope to equal. But as for us, we live in a world of police courts and prosecutions for assault. We can exclude anger neither from our quarrels nor can we disguise our anger. We are as far from the deceptive suavity of the French marquis of a hundred and fifty years ago as from the bare-sark Northman of four or five centuries after our era. Engaging in a contest of any sort, we are very apt to feel and to show anger with our antagonist.

Let us now adopt the method once common among itinerant preachers, and try to get at the meaning of our text by throwing the stress of voice first on one word and then on another, we may, perhaps, get at some hints suggestive of such truths as we are seeking. We shall not need to dwell long on the first word, "Stop." It illustrates the principle already laid down: the subscriber conceives that he has found an enemy; naturally, he strikes out; he has been attacked, and, by way of defence, makes a counter-attack and ejects the defender. But emphasizing "my"—"Stop *my* paper"—we get, as it seems to us, something that does throw a little more light on the state of mind in which these correspondents very generally are when they take pen in hand. They are not only angry because contradicting, going into action; they seem to have a notion, none the less influential that it is perhaps never put into words, that they are the victims of a breach of contract. They subscribed to a journal; it has taken their money. By this consideration it is bound to be their "organ" and express their minds. The contract was only implied; but they are just as much cheated when it is broken as if it had been expressed in writing, and have just as much right to be angry with the offender. "It is my paper," these gentlemen say each to himself,—"it is my paper, and here it is opposing Johnson's impeachment, though I hate Johnson, and my paper ought to denounce him;" or, "It is in favor of a villanous railroad round Hoosac Mountain, although I've got money, and for years I've had money, invested in a road that is to go through the Hoosac tunnel;" or, "It opposes protection; and I'm an iron-master! My paper, too!" Some such delusion must, we think, have lodgment in the brain of our letter-writer, or he would hardly take the trouble to sit down and write out his extreme displeasure.

The very frequent absurdity of the letters in question, even when they are not vituperative, it is hardly worth while to dwell upon. Sometimes the writer appears perfectly astounded that the journal to which he writes does not perceive that a course which displeases him must be a ruinous course. He frequently forgets or seems to forget that to be long worth anything, or ever worth much, the opinions of any journal must rest on the conscientious convictions of its managers, and not opinions dictated to them to-day by one, to-morrow by another, till soon even the agility of the *Herald*, which seeks to follow the opinions of the mass of men in America, would be infinitely too little for the needs of a journal which should attempt to satisfy the prejudices or opinions of each individual of the mass.

Of course we are not saying that no man has ever a right to show his disapproval of the course of his newspaper by refusing to continue his pecuniary support of it. Last summer and fall three of the leading newspapers of New York opposed themselves to the opinions of patriotic duty held by a majority of the Northern people. The *Times* preached the somnolent platitudes of that melancholy convention in Philadelphia; the *Herald's* buffoonery was astutely directed against the side that was to win, which to the *Herald's* managers, whose sagacity appears to be wise for an inch and foolish for an ell, seemed to be the side that was going to lose. As for the *Evening Post*, it was in a four or five months' maze, and confined itself to repeating the letter of the Constitution—an instrument for which it appeared to think the American people were created. The result was that the three of them, perhaps it would be as well to say the first and the last mentioned of them, no doubt lost a good many of their subscribers. The *Tribune*, at any rate, gained about 40,000 at about that time, and it seems reasonable to suppose that they were citizens who had been taking a paper before and whose political opinions were opposed to the policy of Mr. Johnson. Now, the persons who thus transferred their allegiance we do not pretend to blame. If you say that they were of the intolerant and stupid kind who kick at correction and criticism and despise instruction, there are half a dozen replies that can at once be made. In the first place, there is hardly a paper in the country, from the *Boston Advertiser* down to the *New York Daily News*, which does not allow its news to be more or less colored, with one color or another, in order that the news may match the editorial columns. This is a truth so notorious as to be trite and a truism. Again: among the readers of the *Evening Post* or the *Times* there was not in August, September, and October of 1866 a single person who had not been made familiar, almost to nausea, with the wearisome, old, old arguments on the reconstruction question. At this present

moment there is no topic in the world so worn out as reconstruction, and at that time the arguments had long been exhausted and were valueless; it was impossible to put complete reliance on the news of any of the opposing journals; a man, then, would have been more than human who, under such circumstances, did not prefer to read the opinions that coincided with his own and the news which corroborated their correctness. Again: the fight between the two parties was then hot, and its event by no means certain; a question of duty was involved, and each man believed the one cause or the other to be the right cause and to have claims upon his support. Support, therefore, was given by many men with the deliberate intention of spreading doctrines in which they believed and the preachers of which they wished to encourage. And some men may have even been philosophic enough to have withdrawn from the offending journals their support with the view of making them take up a new position. If this seems like attributing too much philosophy, we may reply that we attribute it not to the majority of the forty thousand above mentioned, but to the minority; and that if it were a pleasant thing to say, we might add that such tactics have very frequently been successfully brought to bear in the world of newspaperdom.

We go even further; it would be folly to deny any man the right at his own sweet will to give up reading what he dislikes. We agree that it is not a privilege; we admit that it is a natural right of every American citizen to stop his paper the moment it becomes disagreeable to him. But we are decidedly of opinion that more often than otherwise it is rather a foolish thing to do, and that, at any rate, the gentleman who does it has no right to be abusive and does ill to be angry.

Fine Arts.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.

II.

THE huge and costly building of the New York Stock Exchange, fronting on Broad Street, on New Street, and on Wall Street, but reaching to the corners of none of these streets, has been for nearly two years a finished building. It is especially worthy of remark as a typical example of the generation of large buildings which is coming into existence in this unfortunate city—a city which has never yet known how to use its wealth, its energy, and its shrewdness except for the production of more wealth. These new buildings are not more ugly or more absurd than many of the old ones. But they have two faults which are peculiar to themselves: they are enormously expensive and they are fire-proof and practically indestructible. The heinous character of the latter fault must be immediately evident to every one who looks with proper abhorrence on the building we are about to consider or on any of its dozen *confères*. But the former fault is many-sided, and all the sides are not perceptible at the first glance. Not only is the good money used in vain, having changed hands without producing any good result in its passage, which is bad economy for a business community, but the buildings are almost sure not to be torn down, at least for many years; they are important enough to influence more or less the character of future buildings; and their influence is felt in still further dulling the public taste, which is always slow to perceive weaknesses and absurdities in buildings which are large and showy and which represent wealthy associations. It cannot be said that anybody loves or admires, for instance, the Broad Street front of the Stock Exchange. But it has an influence over many people, over their opinions, and over their possible future action; over some by making them careless as to what they have, so long as it seems expensive (for is not the rich and powerful Stock Board satisfied with a building that has no other merits than cost and solidity?); over others by making them despair of getting any good architecture out of this generation; and over others by making them believe that this, after all, is the true nineteenth-century architecture. This latter class, a hopelessly unreflective one we cannot but think, is yet larger than people would suppose who have not watched the signs of the times. There is always such a class of true conservatives in the day of every attempted reform. The efforts themselves that are being vigorously made to raise architecture from the slough in which it has stuck and struggled so long, have given courage and voice to the always existent and now awakened reaction.

The building which has been the immediate cause of these remarks is principally known by its Broad Street façade. The lowest story of this, raised only three or four steps above the sidewalk, but very high in the ceiling, has its front of cast-iron of the same character as the cast-iron lowest story of the *Herald* building, mentioned in our last number. This is, perhaps, worse in detail than that, as nothing can exceed the naked ugliness of the projections which would be keystones of the window-arches if

of stone, as they pretend to be; or the overdressed ugliness of the things that would be modillions under the same circumstances; or the poverty in design of the castings, which are meant to look like marble capitals; or the general badness of proportion and form of the three-centred arches, the parapets under the windows, or the prominent and over-conspicuous porch of four big cast-iron columns and a cast-iron pediment. But as nothing but weakness, or worse, can be expected of all ornament which, in cast-iron, is meant to look like carved marble, so these iron shells which mask the real construction are entirely beneath criticism; they are neither architecture nor good building, nor even building at all. But there is one distinction which we may allude to here, the distinction between iron construction where it is needed and where marble would have done as well. In the case of those buildings, stores on narrow streets and the like, where all the light and window space is wanted that can possibly be had, and this especially in the lowest story, the uprights of the lowest story, and perhaps of those above, are rightly made of cast-iron. But in such buildings as those of the *Herald* and of the Stock Exchange, the piers of the *rez-de-chaussée* are large enough to be quite safe if built of marble. And why they are not is to us inexplicable, except by the supposition that some iron-casting firm wanted a job and had influence enough to get it.

The façade of which we are speaking is of marble above the first string course. This upper part of it presents the singular and almost unique spectacle of three stories precisely alike in design. We distinguish no difference whatever, except in the slightly flatter curve of the upper than of the lower pediments of the central windows. The design is awkward and feeble, and the detail wholly worthless; but none of it is unusually bad except the cornice, which has a striking deformity wholly its own. It ought to be observed that there is no classical or other good authority for the details or for the proportions of this building. The architects of Renaissance are guiltless of its sins; and there is nothing to palliate them in the practice of any school of revived classic which is generally held worthy of study. What is called, in New York builders' slang, the Corinthian style, is wholly of New York devising. To find an equally flagrant misuse of the revived classical architecture, where all its faults and shortcomings exist without the gracefulness of design which has almost made them seem virtues, we have to go to the semi-savage buildings of St. Petersburg. All over Europe there are very impure pseudo-classic designs, built since the demand for originality has been loud and constant; but they have been built by men who felt, and could not but show, some regard for the beauty of Renaissance or else of Greek detail; and therefore their parts have been good even when their general design has been irrational, or ungraceful, or in every way bad. It is in New York and, as we have said, in Russia that costly and grandiose buildings are at once mean in mass and vile in detail.

The narrow front on Wall Street, consisting of an entrance doorway on the ground floor and two stories of one window each above it, has even less pretension than its larger neighbor to classical correctness of design, and is as "original" as the nineteenth century can ask. It is unusually clumsy, because of the great solidity and largeness of its parts, which yet add nothing to its apparent importance. Thus, the huge pilaster at each side, the heavy brackets of the cornice and pediment, too large and twice too many, the size and character of the mouldings, the elaborate construction around the windows—all are the parts of an architectural Black Dwarf, a stunted giant. The ornament itself is very poor and meagre, and belongs to the worst and coldest school of modern machine carving.

The front on New Street is only two stories high, but the second story contains the Board Room, so that the building holds its own in size. This face, because built of red brick, with plain, square windows, is not so bad as the elaborate façades we have been considering. It is pretty well spoiled, however, by the shapeless and too heavy window heads and sills; and the cornice, which would redeem the whole by its comparative plainness and by its better proportion, seems to be of metal. On this front nearly all that is not plain brick wall is cast-iron imitation of marble, and needs no further consideration.

It is matter of regret that there is nothing about this building that one can praise, for uniform censure is tiresome to writer and reader, and is apt to fail as criticism. But with the heartiest desire to relieve the monotony of blame, we cannot find anything admirable or pleasurable as the result of all this expense and display. There is one thing in the Broad Street front which is pleasant to see at the first glance, the division of its width into three parts, the arrangement of three windows in each story, the middle one the largest; better, one thinks, than four would have been; not a surprising or unusual merit even in a modern design, but still good. But acquaintance with the interior shows that this very grouping of windows, which has seemed the building's one virtue, is, indeed, another architectural

sin, for it contradicts the arrangement of the interior and the construction of the building. In the ground-story a girder, and a row of columns to support it, splits the entrance door, while the great staircase is exactly opposite a window; in the second floor the middle window is similarly served; above this a partition divides the building, and the middle windows are divided, half of each in one room and half in another.

The plan, indeed, is very faulty, or rather there is no plan at all beyond what seems a wholly fortuitous concurrence of parts. Every staircase, passage, route of every description, is indirect and hard to find; goes somewhere off to one side and out of the way. There is no succession of rooms, no correspondence of openings, no opportunity to see a "vista" or a "suite of apartments" anywhere; the whole building seems to have been planned without any reference to symmetry or centre lines. There are many buildings where this shortcoming, though always a shortcoming, may yet be excused, but in this case there is nothing to atone for it; and stateliness and symmetry of plan once gone, the building becomes what it is, a complete and hopeless failure. The parts within are as bad as the whole; the stairways, doors, and windows (except the mosaic-pattern windows of iron sash, and small lights of rough plate-glass in some of the halls), the plaster cornices and centre-pieces, are all of patterns taken from second-class private houses, made large, and yet not always even that. The castings, too, are of the poorest quality and entirely unfinished; for an accessible example, go in through the Wall Street doorway and look at the newel and handrail of the staircase there. There are some good floors of white marble and red slate, and there are the windows above mentioned; and that is all we can find worthy of praise in the inside of this enormous and expensive building. It is probably the worst large building in New York, and one from which we can safely take a departure, assured that everything else will compare favorably with it.

Correspondence.

MAN AND GOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article on "Popularizing Science," in THE NATION of January 10, what seems a singular and extreme position is taken concerning the knowledge of God and his works which is possible to man. The popular books of pious science and scientific piety may, no doubt, contain a great deal of nonsense, for which I have no desire to apologize; but is it true that the creature cannot in any degree apprehend the Creator and come into conscious and intelligent relations to him? If so, let us know it at once. If (as the teaching on page 34 seems designed to prove) man can know nothing of God, if such reason and experience as we have can take no hold on the Giver of both, then we may as well throw up our Bible and our Christianity and sink into a dreary deism, or, what is the same thing, a practical atheism. All this may be answered by Mr. Mill's argument and the comments upon it on page 29 of the same number. If God is a being of attributes, simply inconceivable, neither to be tested nor approached by our standards, he is no God at all for us; and if faith is not founded, however remotely, on reason and knowledge, it is not faith, but superstition.

The position which we are disputing is maintained in the article mentioned, on two grounds: First, that the earth is a very small fraction of the universe, and man a proportionately minute object among created beings. Very probably. There may be in the universe a million other races of rational and immortal creatures, half of them superior to us; they may have unfallen natures; or, if they too fell, redemption may have been provided for them as sufficient as that which is furnished to us. No one will dispute these possibilities; but we have simply nothing to do with them. God says to man, "You are my child; I have made you and redeemed you, and your duties are so and so." The road between earth and heaven is just as clear and open—a Jacob's ladder, as of old—as if between there were not ten thousand unknown planets, peopled, perhaps, with "distant brothers" of our own. The universe is one thing, the earth another; and the earth's economy, though it may be an infinitesimal part of that of the universe, is yet complete in itself as far as regards the moral relations of the dwellers on it. Even in the universe man can scarcely be considered so unimportant as the barnacle in the ocean, at least so long as it continues to be supposed that man has a soul and the barnacle has not. But though in the assembly of worlds he may be comparatively insignificant, on his own planet he is supreme. If we may believe an ancient record, "God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the

earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. . . . And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." If the existent order of facts were not conformable to this plan, we should have discovered it before now. As it is, man has, to a great extent, gained dominion over wild beasts, over winds and waves, over the visible and the hidden powers of nature. And in view of all the facts of experience and statements of revelation, it seems not so utterly absurd to say that, counting out the universe and considering merely this planet, which is all that ordinary men, not savans, have to do with, man is the centre of the scheme, the capstone of creation, with reference to whom, finally and chiefly, the earth was made.

If it be profane to exalt man too high, it is useless and pernicious to sink him too low. We have had nothing truer than that trite line of Young's:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august."

He is what he is; and if, in the constitution of things, that be not something ideally magnificent, the matter cannot be remedied at present. Within his sphere, such as it is, he must live as he may. After all, he is God's son; and what a monstrous system of creation that would be which prevented the child from getting at or even enquiring after his father!

The second reason is, forsooth, that investigation is improper, because it often discovers difficulties and produces doubts. Exactly similar is the Oriental philosophy: walking is better than running, and sitting than walking, and lying down than sitting, and sleep than waking, and death than life. That may be; but since we are alive, we might as well make the best of it. What are we put here for but to live and learn, to investigate, to overcome difficulties, to endure doubts, and by them attain a manlier, more rational, better grounded faith? Every earnest thinker, every intelligent believer, knows that the appointed path is, in one form or another, from night to light, through the darkness of mental conflict to the day of enlightened and enduring faith. The vile dogma, "He that doubts is damned," is by this time put away with the other tools of mediæval torture. What sort of system is this for grown men in the nineteenth century that says, "You must not go out of doors, you might be struck by sun or lightning; you must not travel, the boiler may burst or the stage upset; you must not go among men, your purity might be corrupted or your pocket picked; you must not think on serious subjects, you may get into difficulties and doubts." Popes nor Puritans ever laid a heavier yoke on free thought and conscience. Professor Cooke is right. "It is not true that the material universe manifests a God of unmixed benevolence." The book of nature shows benevolence indeed, but it shows the contrary too. "Frightful conclusion," is it? There are some people who believe in something which they consider better than the book of nature; one easier to read and plainer in its teachings, which, without contradicting the other, solves some problems which that had left dark. It tells them to walk by faith and not by sight. Having previously found that walking by sight is impracticable, they take to this counsel kindly, and so ascertain that it is possible to believe in the divine goodness without either pretending, on the one hand, that it can be perfectly proved from a consideration of the material universe or from any experience of this life; or, on the other, that faith excludes investigation—that one can believe the better the less he knows. There are two spurious sorts of reverence afloat, each having or professing in its own way a zeal for God that is not according to knowledge. The one is credulous, gaping after novelty, eager to find a complete system of theology in every clam-shell and tadpole, somewhat as the High Anglicans propose that the church building should by its shape indicate the doctrine of the Trinity. The errors of this are properly enough exposed in the article on "Popularizing Science." The other error, into which the article itself seems to have fallen deeply, lies in saying, "God is so great and you are so small that you can know nothing of him, and have nothing to do with him. To mention his name is to incur the risk of profanity; to study his works, that of unbelief. You respect him best by keeping out of his way; and the only faith you can have must be founded in wilful ignorance." Of these two modes of belief the first is juvenile and unadvised, but commonly sincere; the other has a tendency to drive religion utterly away from a man's words, thoughts, feelings, life.

B.

[The answer to the above is that "B." does not truly state the positions of the article in question, and therefore does not confute them. It did not maintain that "the creature cannot in any degree apprehend the Creator, or enter into conscious or intelligent relations with him." It did maintain that naturalists have not discovered, and cannot discover, by the study of the physical universe what was God's object in

creating it, and that if they pretend they have discovered this, they impose on their audience.

When anybody tells us that, by the study of plants or animals or rocks, he has discovered something new or certain as to God's purposes in creating and maintaining the universe, he becomes subject to the criticism in the article on "Popularizing Science," but not otherwise. We have never asserted "that God was a being of attributes simply inconceivable." This would be a close approach to nonsense. What we asserted was that he was a Being whose designs were inscrutable, who cannot be found out by any amount of searching. It is only by believing firmly that his designs are inscrutable that we can hold fast to the faith that he is infinitely good. If we know the whole range of his purpose, we must conclude him to be the author of evil; we do not know the whole range of his purpose, and we may, therefore, still conclude that if we knew *all* we should see that what appears evil here is, on the whole, really good.

We have not compared man to the barnacle; man's relations as an animal to the physical universe we have compared to the barnacle's relation to the ocean. But the comparison is not strictly accurate. In comparing the barnacle to the ocean we compare two known quantities; in comparing man to the universe, we compare a known quantity to one not only unknown but inconceivable. It is only with man as an animal that naturalists have to do. Of man as a moral being naturalists can tell us nothing new, and it is only the moral being who has intelligent relations with his Creator, and the study of these relations is the business of theologians and moral philosophers, and not of naturalists. With the nature of man's soul, or its relations to God, the naturalist has nothing to do. On this subject his science tells him nothing, and what we ask him to do is to desist from pretending that it does. No examination of our physical organs, and no theory of our physical origin, whether by development or instantaneous creation, sheds the least light on our moral relations to God, on our own aspirations or our destiny. All these belong to a different order of ideas—a field in which Agassiz or Darwin or Huxley walks with as uncertain a step as many a man who does not know what the word "vertebrate" means.

Finally, the scientific man has nothing to do with "the useless or pernicious" any more than with the useful. His business is to discover scientific truth, and to declare it; and there is no truth he is bound to declare more faithfully than the exact limit of his own knowledge. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten, though "B." apparently does forget it, that there is a certain amount of absurdity in our discussing what is and what is not insignificant in God's sight. It is not necessary that man's enjoyment should be the chief end of creation, in order to make him important in God's eyes. To infinite capacity there are no degrees of importance. To our finite capacity there are degrees of importance, because we cannot grasp all the relations of everything we see. We have to select a certain number of these relations for our attention and let the others pass unnoticed; but it is absurd to suppose that an Almighty Being judges things in this way, or, in other words, that God measures his care of man, or his concern for him, by the smallness of the place he has assigned him in the physical universe. It is only those who hold this doctrine who have a right to be shocked with our dwelling on the exceeding minuteness of the sphere assigned to man and his habitat, and the exceeding smallness of the part they play in God's cosmos. A thousand years may be in the Creator's sight but as one day, and the solar system as but a speck, but yet not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge.—ED. NATION.]

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ON THE MORNING OF THE

FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1867.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$11,639,376 44
Due from National and State Banks.....	300,342 10
United States Bonds and other Securities.....	4,007,350 00
Cash Items, including Uncollected Checks.....	9,588,589 36
Specie.....	253,177 52
National Currency.....	14,750 00
Legal Tender (including Compound Interest) Notes and Fractional Currency.....	4,303,824 50
Furniture and Fixtures.....	11,221 68
Expenses.....	346 27
Premiums, etc., on Compound Notes.....	99,466 59
	\$30,218,244 46

LIABILITIES.

Capital.....	\$5,000,000 00
Surplus and Earnings.....	309,207 67
Dividends Unpaid.....	115,353 89
Circulation.....	2,925,755 00
* U. S. Deposits.....	\$98,575 95
* Bank Deposits.....	7,945,118 60
* Individual Deposits.....	13,824,233 35—21,867,927 90
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ANNUAL REPORT

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE

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January, 1867.

The Directors have now the pleasure of presenting to the Stockholders the annual report.

The Statement of the Condition of the Bank on the morning of January 7, compiled from the quarterly report, is as follows:

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus profits.....	225,740 27
Dividends unpaid.....	22,332 89
Circulation.....	924,839 00
Due Treasurer U. S.....	23,774 82
Deposits.....	8,399,958 35
	\$10,596,536 33

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$4,361,268 30
Government securities.....	1,487,850 00
Furniture and fixtures.....	13,000 00
Specie and legal tender notes.....	2,730,621 97
Cash items and exchanges.....	1,042,022 18
Due from banks and bankers.....	961,773 88
	\$10,596,536 33

This statement shows a surplus of twenty-two per cent.; and as there is included in the assets, at par, a large amount of compound interest notes, we feel fully justified in stating to the stockholders that we consider their stock intrinsically worth more than twenty-two per cent. above par, after paying on January 2 a semi-annual dividend of six per cent.

The vacancy in our number caused by the death of our lamented associate, Solomon L. Hull, has been filled by the unanimous election of Mr. S. C. Parkhurst, one of our original stockholders.

The impression seems to prevail that national banks do not pay their fair share of taxation. This makes it desirable that we should state that out of the earnings of this bank there have been paid, during the past year, to the United States Government, taxes to the amount of \$44,070 28; and there will be due, to be paid during this month, a further sum of \$26,539 29; making a total United States tax of \$70,609 57. And in addition thereto, in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, just rendered, that the shares of banks are taxable in the hands of its shareholders, whether the capital is invested in the bonds of the United States or not, we have paid the State, County, and City tax, which amounts to \$23,000; making a total for taxes of \$93,909 57, and all on a capital of one million dollars.

You will notice by our report that at present the amount of United States deposits with us is only \$23,774 82, and they are often much less. We draw attention to this fact to show, first, that we are not, as many suppose, using large amounts of Government money; and, secondly, to show you that we are now ready to confine our business and exertions to the accounts of the mercantile community and correspondence with interior banks and bankers. This correspondence being very extensive, we have good facilities for making collections; and, with our now complete and thorough organization, we feel satisfied we can well serve the community, and desire to invite, and to have our stockholders invite, the accounts of the business public.

We believe it to be the case that national banks have in no instance objected to pay a full share of taxation; and by paying very large sums to the Federal Government they have greatly lightened the burdens of the whole people. But is it fair, or in any sense just, that Congress should compel these banks to buy United States bonds, which are in themselves exempt from taxation, and then tax the banks very heavily—as follows: For license, \$2 on each \$1,000 of capital; then one-half of one per cent. on the capital, one per cent. on the circulation, half of one per cent. on deposits, and then five per cent. on earnings; and again, by the ambiguity of the language of the National Currency Act, the Supreme Court of the United States, by a majority of one, permits any amount of local taxation that State legislators, often hostile to banks, may choose to put on the Government bonds represented by bank shares? The whole people have a great interest in this question, as it involves the public faith and the honor of the nation; and no other nation has, under any pretext, permitted the taxation of its public debt. And in this view of the subject, is it not a discouraging fact that the public honor and faith, if not broken, have been badly bruised?

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